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The MUSE of BROTHERHOOD*

By Edwin Markham

Author of "The Man with the Hoe"

I AM in the Expectancy that runs:
My feet are in the Future, whirled afar
On wings of light. If I have any sons,
Let them arise and follow to my star.

Some momentary touches of my fire
Have warmed the barren ages with a beam:
There is no peak beyond my swift desire,
There is no beauty deeper than my dream.

I make an end of life's stupendous jest—
The merry waste of fortunes by the Few,
While the thin faces of the poor are pressed
Against the panes—a hungry whirlwind crew.

EDWIN MARKHAM

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THE MUSE OF BROTHERHOOD—Continued

I come to lift the soul-destroying weight,
To heal the hurt, to end the foolish loss,
To take the toiler from his brutal fate—
The toiler hanging on the Labor-Cross.

I bring to Earth the feel of home again,
That men may nestle on her warm, still breast;
I bring to wronged, humiliated men
The sacred right to labor and to rest.

I bring to men the fine ideal stuff
The young gods took to build the spheres of old:
The fire I send on men is great enough
To burn the iron kingdoms into gold.

I hold the way until the bright heavens bend—
Until the New Republic shall arise,
And quick young deities again descend,
Bringing the gifts of God with joyous cries.

I lead the Graces and the Winged Powers:
The world the Anarchs build I will destroy,
For I will storm upon its demon towers,
With wind of laughter and with rain of joy.

And at the first break of my Social Song
A hush will fall upon the foolish strife,
As though a joyous god, serene and strong,
Shined suddenly before the steps of life.

Cold hearts that falter are my only bar:
Heroes that seek my ever-fading goal
Must take their reckoning from the central star,
And follow the equator: I am Soul.

My love is higher than heavens where Taurus wheels,
My love is deeper than the pillared skies:
High as that peak in Heaven where Milton kneels,
Deep as that grave in Hell where Caesar lies.

Still hope for man: my star is on the way!
Great Hugo saw it from his prison isle;
It lit the mighty dream of Lamennais;
It shook the ocean thunders of Carlyle.

Wise Greeley touched the star of my desire,
Great Lincoln knelt before my hidden flame:
It was from me they drew their sacred fire—
I am Religion by her deeper name.

Annette de Viroflay

By

MAARTEN MAARTENS

ANNETTE DE VIROFLAY married René of the same name.

They were both orphans; the education of both had been pretty well neglected. Both were dependent, in every sense of the word, on their grumpy, stingy, harmless old granduncle; and although René had been at a boarding-school and Annette in a convent all through the greater part of their childhood, yet they must have seen a good deal of each other during the holidays in the dull old house which the dull old gentleman inhabited close to Nancy.

Nobody ever knew much about them or what they did, but everybody knows that when she was nineteen and he was twenty-one their uncle wrote to each of them and told them to come home and live with him. Whereupon they both started, he from a provincial university where he was studying law, and she from her Paris convent school, both arriving on the same October night, in wind and rain, at their uncle's door, within a few hours of each other.

The old gentleman received them very graciously, and settled between them, grumping and chuckling in turns. "My dear children," said he, shifting a little skull cap he wore, "I have sent for you that you might cheer my old age. I have done a great deal for you, and now my turn has come. René will look after things and read me the newspapers. Annette will also look after things—other things—and warm my slippers. We shall be a very happy family."

Both young people looked submissive.

"My health is very good," said uncle, "but I am beginning to feel my age, and I am lonely. The servant who did everything for me is dead, as you know, and the young man whom I now have is a fool. He cannot even brush my clothes, René."

"Do you expect me, sir, to brush your clothes?" said René.

"Well?" replied the old man, closely watching the boy with his ferrety eyes. Annette made a quick sign to her cousin behind uncle's back.

"I shall be very glad to do it," said René.

"Right!" exclaimed the old man, hugely pleased. "I should have turned you out of the house to-night, young man, if you'd given me any airs! But I don't expect you to brush my clothes—I only expect you to scold that idiot if he doesn't. I can't scold any more; I'm too old. Ah, me, how I could scold!" He sighed. "Sometimes I have thought it was my scolding killed Pierre. But I don't believe it. It was indigestion did it. Plums."

❦

"We will do all we can to make you comfortable," said Annette.

"My dear, your intentions are laudable. A woman can't do much to make a man comfortable, but I've no doubt you mean well." He knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "Now, I remember, you don't like smoke?"

"Henceforth I like it," replied Annette, bravely winking her eyes.

"Admirable! Admirable!" said uncle. "It's too good to last, but it's an excellent start."

However, it lasted. For several months the two children devotedly tended the sickly old man. The cousins got on very well together by looking at the funny side, and this attitude also enabled them to endure what was really in many ways a very trying time. Both of them had plenty of humor in their composition; their bright young faces were always ready for a laugh. Uncle, whose temper was often as short as his breath, used to say they giggled, but that was distinctly untrue. And they even spoke kindly of him behind his grumpy old back.

One fresh spring morning the master of the house did not come down to breakfast. The stupid boy, who was still stupid in spite of René's bright scoldings, reported that, having banged at the door and received no answer, he had concluded monsieur to be still asleep. René went upstairs and discovered that no banging at the door would ever again disturb the sleep of Uncle Viroflay.

So these two children cried and sent for the doctor. The doctor having come, and having informed them that "the deceased had died from failure of the heart's action," they cried still more and sent for the notary. The notary produced a will dividing all the dead man's estate in two equal shares between the children. The notary told them he thought there must be about a million francs, and the children cried yet more. One went to stay with the doctor's wife, and the other with the notary, till after the funeral.

At the conclusion of that uninteresting ceremony the heir and the heiress remained behind in the uninhabited house. Having seen the last guest depart, they looked at each other awkwardly and blushed. The notary had asked René what they intended to do, and René had replied that really he did not know. René had inquired of the notary where the money was, and the notary had told René that really he didn't know either.

"I have the keys," said René, who had taken them out of the dead man's pocket. He shuddered slightly at the thought of the dead man's garments now. "Supposing we go upstairs and look?"

"I would rather begin down here," replied Annette, with a little shudder, too. So with hushed footfall and hushed voices they began wandering from cupboard to cupboard. But they knew the contents of these. Those contents were quite uninteresting.

"Come, nonsense! he isn't there," said René, with a roughness of agitation, and pushed into uncle's room and up to the cupboard which uncle always kept locked. He turned the key twice—a strong lock it was—and drew the door open. A pile of papers fell forward, almost upsetting him. A couple of others came toppling and slipping amid an avalanche of scrip and bonds of all sorts. Annette and René sat down suddenly on the floor.

The April sun poured through the muslin-curtained windows into the dusty room. On the floor, in the golden light, sat the two Viroflays, neither of whom had ever owned more than a hundred francs at a time, amid a deluge of nineteenth century gold.

"All that paper—is it money?" whispered Annette.

"I believe so," said René.

—*their grumpy, stingy, harmless old granduncle*

"Nobody ever spends so much as that," said Annette.

"Nobody ever could," said René.

And he dabbled among a little lake of crimson-colored papers, letting the silken tissue crackle between his fingers; she watched him with much interest. All the colors of the rainbow were around them: blue and green and purple, yellow and violet and gold.

They had no idea what the difference was or what the value, but soon both of them noted the ciphers—500 francs—1000 francs—of the nominal emission, and suddenly those ciphers brought home to both the fact that they were rich.

"Half of it all belongs to you and half belongs to me," said René.

"It would never be possible to separate our shares," replied Annette.

"Nothing would be easier," said René, with increasing confidence. A long silence ensued.

"But why should we do so?" said René.

"Why, indeed? You can keep it for us both," answered Annette.

"I? I could never do that. I should never sleep a night. But we can give it to the notary to keep, and spend as much of it as we want together."

"Oh! I should not want much of it to spend!"

"Spend as much of it as we want together, Annette." His voice was very low, and it shook. They looked into each other's faces. He, drawing his hand from among the papers with a crackle, seized hers. And so they were engaged.

"It is very wrong," said Annette, half crying; "in poor, dear uncle's room."

"It will save a lot of trouble and expense with the notary," replied René; "and uncle would have been sure to have liked that."

❦

They got married as soon as they decently could, and they went to live in uncle's house. The notary, who saw they were very inexperienced, let them have as little money as they needed. So they lived on for more than a year in perfect happiness, and they had a little René. Uncle's sisters (who were very well off) even came to see them and showed no malice.

They took warmly to little René (they maintained he was like the old man), and they declared to Annette that they liked her; but they told René, to her extreme indignation, that they thought him a bit of a fool. It would be untrue to affirm that Annette shared the old ladies' opinion, but certainly she need not have shown herself so excessively offended if the charge had been altogether as outrageous as she averred.

When Hector de Viroflay went to see them he said they were turtle-doves. But Hector de Viroflay is no judge, for with him all that sort of thing is mock-turtle. He is a distant cousin, by the by, of the young couple; he had been at school with René.

"Perfectly idyllic," said Hector, smoking a cigarette; "and so cheap! You are a lucky man, René."

"I am," replied René.

"Though why you should make it so cheap, goodness only knows! Some men like saving money. Your uncle did."

❦

"I don't," said René. "I hate saving money, putting it by. Money is made round that it may roll, I always say. I spend whatever the notary gives me."

Hector sat up and opened his big eyes.

"Oh, delightful!" he exclaimed; "and then you ask for more!"

"No, no," replied René uncomfortably; "he would not like me to do that."

"Would not like? But the money is yours. What on earth do you mean about not saving money? Your uncle left about a million. You can't spend more than a third of your income here!"

"I don't know. I don't know anything about money, except that I like spending it. What do you think I ought to do?"

"Take your money away from the notary at once," replied Hector, with great decision. "People who leave their money with lawyers always, sooner or later, awake to find themselves penniless."

"Now you say it, of course that is true," admitted René,

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keeping down his agitation, "though I could never believe it of our notary——"

"People never believe it of their notary," put in Hector.

"But I grant you it is so. However, I cannot go and take it away from him to-night."

"No; but you can to-morrow morning."

René turned hot and cold at the idea. He blushed and paled a good deal more, all the same, in the notary's office next afternoon. It was a very uncomfortable interview, he thought. The suave and practical man of business (whose conscience was clear in spite of his suavity) expressed a satisfaction he could not possibly feel. "It is right that you should manage your own affairs, Monsieur de Viroflay," he said. "If ever you should get tired of money matters, let me look after yours, sooner than a stranger. Good-by."

Red and embarrassed, but triumphant, René emerged into the street, where Hector was waiting for him. "Honestly," he said, "and to tell you the truth, Hector, I often quite longed for a sight of those exquisitely printed colored things."

"Of course," replied Hector; "I can't think why you didn't ask for them sooner."

"Oh! Annette always said they were just as well at the notary's."

"What does a woman know of money matters?" exclaimed Hector.

"What, indeed?" said Annette, when they propounded her this conundrum. She thought the papers might just as well have been left at the lawyer's; now they would have to buy an iron safe for them, and that was an unnecessary expense. Hector immediately pointed out to her that the lawyer's percentage came much more expensive, and she said humbly, after slow thought, that was true. She knew nothing, as they said, about finance.

But she hailed with the same exultation as René the suggestion by Hector that they should leave this dull town and establish themselves in Paris. They were young, they were good looking, of good blood and good fortune—in fact, it was absurd that they should stick on down here. When they came to think of it, it was; Annette felt ashamed, even to herself, of some sneaking regrets for her pigeons, a particular corner in the garden (caterpillars), the pussies (they grow into cats); even the pigs. This anti-climax convinced her of her own foolishness. They would have plenty of acquaintances in Paris, and Hector would introduce René wheresoever he desired; Hector knew everybody.

To all parties the first weeks in Paris were highly enjoyable. The little family had taken a house of their own at Paris, in the Avenue Martin, so as to be near the Bois for baby. Annette took baby and his *nounou* to see Guignol in the Champs Élysées, and, with the little fellow's yells of delight in her ears, she told herself what fools they had been to remain in the country. She herself enjoyed Paris with all a French woman's graceful capacity for innocent enjoyment, and, being a French woman—moreover, a French woman of birth and wealth—she easily assumed the position she was expected to fill.

Hector piloted René into two good clubs, the Mirlitons and the Moutards ("singularly appropriate," murmured Hector), and into men's society generally. And soon both of them went wherever they chose. They chose a good deal. The aunts wrote to Annette and sent her some introductions to very old people of the Faubourg. Annette went there also, alone. It was there my mother met her, and liked her. No more need be said.

So the weeks of life ran on, brightly painted, highly varnished, with gutta-percha tires. There had been a great deal of amusement about the iron safe, which they had all gone to purchase together, including baby. René had insisted upon baby being set down in it first as their greatest treasure of all. Naturally baby had yelled, and the salesman, a bald gentleman whose respectable existence was concentrated on burglars, had smiled with a pity akin to love.

They had nicknamed the safe *la tante*, for no reason whatever excepting that Hector possessed a rich old aunt of whose stinginess he was always complaining. "*Our* aunt is more good-natured," they said.

So they enjoyed Paris and had a very good time of it, but gradually Hector began to find that René played more than was good for him. "What a fool he is," thought Hector, who despised though he rather liked him. "He doesn't know how to choose his recreations sensibly, that's clear." For René had resolutely turned his back on some diversions that had been proposed to him.

"I won't go to anything," he had said, "which prevents my looking my wife straight in the face when I get home."

Annette, also, when the first excitement was over, began to suspect, and faintly to suggest, that they might be spending too much. René reassured her, painstakingly proving that their current expenses did not exceed the sum the notary had declared to be their average income. When the bills came in, all these fallacies were upset, with no disadvantage to anybody, for René's computations were not even correct when he fancied they were.

"René," began Annette, almost timidly, one evening, "could *la tante* let me have a new dress, do you think?"

"Two new dresses," he answered boisterously. She could not understand why he blushed.

"No; I don't want two at this moment, and we must not exhaust the old lady."

"Exhaust? Nonsense! Her health is all the better for a little bleeding."

"Well, I think I must have my dress," quietly responded Annette. He kissed her and went out. She remained pensive, with her chin on her palm. When Hector dropped in presently she talked about various trifles before she said: "Hector, I want to ask you something: Does René play?"

"Of course," he answered; "everybody does."

"You know what I mean. Does he gamble?"

"Gamble? My dear cousin, what an ugly word! He certainly occasionally plays very high."

"Thank you," she said; "you are a good friend to us, Hector." And she held out her hand, which he kissed. He actually liked Annette, although my mother liked her.

"IT IS YOUR UNFAIRNESS DISGUSTS ME!"

When René came home, rather late, he found his wife sitting up for him in a white dressing-gown. He looked hot; she looked worried. "I wish you wouldn't sit up," he said; "I've asked you before."

"René," she replied, "I've been thinking: I fear we spend too much money."

"Bothering again!" he cried sharply. "One would think you were as stingy as uncle! Money, I tell you, was made to spend!"

"You do not deny, then, that we spend a good deal?"

"I do not. Shall we eat less meat?"

"René, you are unjust. Admit"—she looked straight at him—"that *you* spend too much."

"I do not. Do you grudge it me?"

Still she looked straight at him. "Yes and no," she answered. "How much did you lose at play to-night?"

"Annette!"

"You do not choose to answer?"

"Pooh! Yes! Why not? The money is as much mine as yours. Ten thousand francs."

"And yesterday?"

"Five. But I had a run of luck the night before."

"And won?"

"Two."

She got up, came toward him, put her arms around his neck. "Promise me not to play any more!" she said pleadingly.

"I give you the promise—on one condition: You mustn't mind my breaking it."

She loosened her arm. "At least, you are honester than most men," she said a little bitterly.

"Annette, I will do anything you like for you. But look here; I must play. Everybody does. And, besides, what do you care? I hate a woman who is fond of money!"

"Would you like a spendthrift better?"

"Yes; a thousand times, yes!" She dropped the subject, seeing he was not in a mood to talk sense.

But a few days later she took it up again when he, coming home long past midnight, found her still sitting up to receive him.

"Oh, look here—I can't have this!" he cried.

"René, you have been losing again!"

He sat down by a table. "Yes," he said, and almost banged down his fist. "If there's anything a man hates, it is a nagging woman, Annette!"

She walked right to the other end of the room, and stood with her back to him. "You will lose everything," she said in a low voice.

"Well, and if I did? But I sha'n't! The luck will turn, and, besides, I'm not a gambler. But, if I did lose everything, there'd be plenty left."

"Where?" she asked, turning quickly.

"The grandaunts are as old as the hills. They'll soon be a second inheritance, like uncle."

"You want them to die—even supposing——"

"Nonsense, Annette; you worry me into saying a lot of things I don't mean. Do leave me alone and go to bed."

She came toward him quickly, with sudden resolve.

"It is your unfairness disgusts me!" she cried. "Half the money is mine! Why should you spend it all on your amusements, pray?"

"What on earth do you mean?" he cried, utterly taken aback. "I never objected to anything."

"Oh! I dare say not. I should think not. My few dresses and necessaries—you hardly could object to those! You can spend tens of thousands, René, at the gaming-table, and you can come home and talk about women who love money because I faintly protest. I thank you heartily. If you like gaming, I like jewels and dresses—oh! far finer jewels and dresses than I ever had yet! You prefer a spendthrift, sir—as you please! I do not object to your spending your money on yourself; I object to your spending mine! Half of it is mine, I tell you—mine! I like dresses, I repeat to you, and jewels! Oh, believe me, I shall spend my half!"

"I never saw you like this before!" he stuttered. "I cannot imagine what has come to you!"

"What has come to me? The desire to enjoy while I can! Yes, I shall enjoy—immensely. There is plenty, you say, in *la tante* if we bleed her, and, afterward, there are the poor old problematical grandaunts! I hardly believe in the grandaunts."

He burst into a roar of laughter. An immense weight was

Editor's Note—This is the last of three stories by Maarten Maartens, under the general head, "Some Women I Have Known."

lifted from his conscience. "What splendid times we shall have!" he cried.

Next morning Annette looked surprised when René came in to luncheon with a case containing a diamond necklace.

"You are right," he said; "you have far too few jewels." She was silent. "You like it, don't you?" he inquired rather anxiously.

"I don't much care for the shape," she said slowly. "Where did you get it?"

"At Veratry's, in the Rue de la Paix."

"You wouldn't mind my changing it?" she asked.

"Oh, no!" he said, piqued. But they went to the opera together, and during the next few days she bought a number of very handsome dresses at David's, and also she graciously allowed him to come with her and select various articles of jewelry. She bought heaps of things right and left. A madness seemed upon her. Nothing could be too costly for her taste in the way of trinkets. Even René, after the first week, drew back. "If my madness is play," he said, "yours is diamonds."

She turned upon him quite furiously. "You grudge me my half!" she said. A day or two after that she came to him with a couple of enormous bills—a fortune in jewels, a fortune in gowns.

"'Tis impossible!" he said, thunderstruck. "Even admitting the jewels, the dresses can't have cost so much as that!"

"What does a man know about the price of dresses? What do I know of the stakes at lansquenet? Tell me honestly—to my face (if you dare)—have I spent upon these dresses a quarter of what you have spent at play?"

"Oh, bother! I didn't say I wasn't going to pay. We shall have to bleed *la tante!*"

They went and had a look at *la tante* together. She was very substantial outside, but inside she was wasting away. Yes, there were gaps in her inside.

"Give me the money in papers," said Annette, who still was not aware that a debenture for one thousand francs may not be worth that sum. He refused. He had refused several times before to give her scrip, and she had to be content till he brought her the money.

"Give me my whole fortune at once," she had said one day. But that was the only time in all their married life that they seriously quarreled. He thought she doubted his honor or something, and refused to speak to her for two days.

"What is mine is yours," he said, with tears in his eyes when they were making it up and embracing. "Buy diamonds, if you like, for every penny we possess, but don't talk as if you distrusted me, Annette."

Certainly a madness seemed upon her, especially after Hector, very much pressed, had confessed that René's losses, as early as last winter, had been far heavier than his wife could know. Whether the time the couple were having was as fully enjoyable as René had fancied, it would be hard to say. It was brilliant, certainly, and much remarked on.

"You can't want another diadem!" cried René desperately. "Annette, you've no right to waste money as you do!"

She flashed out at him: "I thought that you liked a spendthrift wife!"

"So I do, but not to madness."

"I shall spend as much as I choose, René."

"Annette—think of our child."

After that they were both very silent; he, unable to bear his wretchedness, ran out of the house.

He came back at night, haggard. He said nothing about her waiting up for him. Together they entered his "study."

"Well," she said, "can you let me have the money, René? I fear I must have it to-morrow morning."

"How much is it?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

"Seventy thousand francs. It's a very large sum—but—but—it's a beautiful thing."

He dragged himself across to the iron safe, opened it, cleaned out its contents, and carried the bundle to the table. There he began counting up their value. Presently he stopped with a groan.

"There isn't so much as seventy thousand francs here," he said. "You—you have had more than your share, Annette."

"More than my share? And, pray, how much did you lose to-night?"

"Not a halfpenny. I haven't touched a card for a fortnight. Ask Hector. I'm sick of it! It's ruined us! If I were ever so wealthy I should never play again."

She stood looking at him, her eyes dilated, full of the impulse she was keeping back.

Suddenly he burst out: "The boy! The boy! Our boy!" And he covered his face with his hands.

"You accuse me?" she said.

"No; I accuse myself. The fault was mine. I began it."

Suddenly she knelt down beside him. "René," she said, "do not be angry with me. It was a madness; it is over."

"But the child is ruined," he said.

"Not ruined. Look here. I still possess this paper. The madness was yours, my husband. It is over. See, I have done my best."

With dazed eyes he gazed at the document she was spreading out before him. It was a deed in which Monsieur Veratry pledged himself to take back, if required, within two months, from Madame de Viroflay, all the jewels she had purchased from him, at a discount of five per cent.

"Is it possible?" stammered René. "What does it mean?"

"I did not buy them at all," replied Annette, blushing. "It was a little conspiracy of mine; you must forgive me. He lent them to me, so to speak, for two months, and I paid him a deposit of their full value and thirty per cent."

"You have become quite a woman of business," he said.

"And the dressmakers' bills," she continued quickly; "they represented four times the sum that was really spent on clothes. The rest was money lent at interest. All the big dressmakers do it."

"I know," he said; "how did you?"

"Somebody told me as a joke."

"But what did you want with all that money, Annette?"

"To give it back to you," she said, and laid her head upon his shoulder. "I wanted to get hold of it," she sobbed, "and I could think of no other way. I saw that you were spending all the money in—at the club, René, and I knew when you were ruined you would stop. It was no use my asking for a few thousand francs, so I ran up bills for immense sums, and you had to pay them. But the bills will only cost you a percentage; you can have the money back."

He sat staring moodily in front of him. She tried to turn his head, wistfully seeking his eyes.

"'Tis my fault," he said. "I have deserved it."

"Don't speak like that, René. René, I don't think I should have done it but for the child."

"Nay, the fault is mine; I admit it. You could not trust me."

"I trust you so much that, the moment the madness is over, I bring you all the money back again. Take it, René; take all that is left." She pushed the paper into his hands. "What prevents your going back to the club?"

Then he turned around and caught her in his arms and kissed her again and again. "We will take what is left," he said—"God forgive me, it is your share only!—and take it back to the notary to keep for us, while we live in the old house at home!"

THE MODERN CITY OF MIDAS

By WALTER BROWNE

ALMOST in the centre of the great, undulating, desert-like plains north of the Vaal River on which some six thousand sturdy Dutch farmers established themselves after the great exodus, or "treck," of 1836, stands the city of Johannesburg.

In the midst of a wilderness, almost trackless, devoid of trees, a huge tableland six thousand feet above the sea-level, on which the semitropical sun beats down and the clouds descend, belching torrents for which the name of rain is far too feeble, rises, like Aladdin's palace, a majestic modern city, alive with energy, electricity and bustle. It is thronged with vigorous humanity in breathless pursuit of wealth. It harbors nearly two hundred thousand persons of more than ordinary activity. It is a hive of busy workers without a drone. An oasis of intellect in a desert of dull squatters, a mighty metropolis compared with which the colonial capitals, Cape Town and Pietermaritzburg or the Port of Durban, are as Pensacola to Chicago. Such is Johannesburg, the one spot in the tiny South African Republic which makes that quaint little nation of supreme importance to the whole world, for the possession of which the blood of thousands may be spilt, and which has focused upon the arid plains of the Transvaal the covetous eyes of powerful nations.

Although this mushroom city, until recently hundreds of miles from the nearest railroad, was only marked off by stakes driven into the unbroken veldt and dignified with the title of a township on the twentieth of September, 1886, it has to-day hundreds of substantial and artistic stone and marble buildings, many miles of well-paved streets, palatial club-houses, magnificent mansions, a majestic stock exchange, five first-class theatres and opera-houses, hotels with elegant accommodations for thousands of guests, stately churches, hospitals, museums, electric street railroads, race tracks and polo grounds, with an undue proportion of gambling-houses which are wide open night and day all the year round.

There is a misapprehension in the minds of many that Johannesburg is merely a mining-camp, a rough-and-tumble collection of diggers' shanties, a sort of semitropical Klondike. This was so not more than ten years ago, when all the buildings were of corrugated iron which had been carted over hundreds of miles of trackless veldt on huge ox-teams; but since the railroad connecting Johannesburg with Cape Town was completed, in 1893, the town has compared favorably with any of our flourishing Western cities having about the same number of inhabitants.

THE INCALCULABLE WEALTH OF THE JOHANNESBURG REGION

Johannesburg is built upon "Tom Tiddler's Ground." Beneath it is buried perhaps more of the precious metal than the whole world ever saw. From the mines within a radius of twenty miles from Johannesburg Market Square was taken last year more gold than the whole continent of North America produced, more than was won from the entire continent of Australia, and hundreds of times as much as the Klondike has yielded up to date. The record of the Witwatersrand reef, over which Johannesburg is built, is already more than forty million ounces of gold, worth over $800,000,000, and it is known that at least $4,000,000,000 worth remains to be extracted.

On the spot where now stands Johannesburg, in the summer of 1885 was one solitary hut, inhabited by a Boer named Johannes Bezuidenhut. It is from this phlegmatic and illiterate Dutch farmer that the town takes its name.

The nearest habitation to Johannes' hovel was probably ten miles away, for the Boers are an unsociable race, and should a neighbor crowd on them, establishing a home within a mile, the first occupant will merely grunt, gather together his belongings, and "treck," or move away. At this time there was a rush on the newly discovered De Kaap gold-fields, and hundreds of eager prospectors passed over the Witwatersrand, or White Water Ridge, on their way to Barberton and Komati, little dreaming of its marvelous riches. Bezuidenhut sat outside his shanty, sullenly refusing information or shelter, after the manner of the Boers, to the swarm of gold-seekers who flocked by. But one of them, an Englishman named Fred Struben, had observed indications on a farm called Sterkfontein as early as January, 1884, which made him linger at "the Rand."

Long previous to this a Dutchman, one Jan Marais, had hunted for gold in the Witwatersrand in spots where the soil resembled that of the Australian diggings, and upon his announcing the presence of the precious metal the Boer Government, in 1854, gave him five hundred pounds to keep his secret and sent him back to Holland. They did not want to be overrun by an invasion of foreigners, or "Uitlanders," as all strangers are termed. Fred Struben, now one of the richest men in the world, told the writer of the story of his discovery of the world's richest gold-fields in these words:

"On the second day of my prospecting on the Sterkfontein farm, to the west of the range, I found a reef showing gold which assayed on the surface six pennyweights, and at fifty feet had improved so much that some of it showed two ounces.

"Early in April, 1884, I first came across some water-worn pebbles on the very highest parts of the range, and I felt sure that the whole country must have been at one time submerged. This naturally led me to think that there must be conglomerate beds or drifts in the neighborhood which might carry gold, as in other parts of the world had been the case. It was not until March, 1885, that I struck beds of the 'blanket' formation, of a nature which hitherto had not been known in Africa. I showed these conglomerate beds to several people, among them a well-known expert, who only laughed. My brother and I crushed fifty tons, however, and lo! they gave eight pennyweights to the ton."

Such was the beginning of the South African gold fever. Within a few months the Rand was overrun by enthusiastic, determined and penniless gold-seekers, capitalists from the recently discovered diamond-fields of Kimberly, adventurers from England and the colonies, and all classes of men from all parts of the world. The Boer Government took no action concerning the new gold-fields until July 18, 1886, when it proclaimed and threw open nine farms.

In November, 1887, there were sixty-eight mining companies with a capital of $15,000,000. In January, 1890, there were five hundred and forty gold-mining companies established there with an aggregate capital of $35,000,000. Steadily the output increased until, in May, 1892, one hundred thousand ounces were taken from the mines. The monthly output has since reached nearly five times that amount, the output for August, 1899, being 482,108 ounces.

THE FIVE GOLD REEFS OF THE WITWATERSRAND

The gold that was first discovered at the Rand cropped out of the ground in a series of five parallel reefs varying in thickness from one inch to four feet, the distance between the southernmost and the northern reef averaging one hundred and fifty feet. The original claims were 400x150 feet, the latter dimensions east and west along the reefs, the former north and south so as to take in all the five outcrops. A fact which makes the Rand the greatest gold-field in the world was not known then. It was not for two or three years that the true formation of the gold-bearing veins was discovered. When it was at length found that the veins after descending to a depth of about two thousand feet curved off in a southerly direction, forming, as it were, one side of a basin, and continuing at that level practically an indefinite distance, the whole world went wild over the riches of the Witwatersrand. This was as great a surprise to old and experienced miners as the first discovery of the gold was to the sleepy Boers.

Hundreds of claims were pegged out to the south of the outcrop claims, thousands of shafts were sunk to a depth of 2000 feet, always to find the rich conglomerate deposits. Hundreds of new companies were formed to work the deep levels at a distance of miles south of the outcrop.

A craze to find the other side of this marvelous basin also seized the people. It was argued, with some semblance of reason, that perhaps hundreds, nay thousands of miles away, the southern edge of the basin should reach the surface, and fortune seekers penetrated where the foot of white man had never before stood. This craze aided the formation of the British South African Chartered Company. It was largely responsible for the support which has been given to the expansive plans of Cecil Rhodes.

The Government buildings are still little better than barns. The post-office is a little one-story shanty, where the residents must call for their mail. The Government, though it collects the heaviest taxes in the world, gives no such return for the money as free delivery of letters. In spite of every obstacle placed in the way of improvements, the Uitlanders have built in the heart of the Transvaal desert such a city as would do credit to any civilized country.

Such is the past history of Johannesburg, the gem of the Transvaal, and yet in the event of war the first and probably the only really important and serious action of the Boers will be to wreck and ruin this modern city of Midas.

BOY LIFE on the PRAIRIES
At the County Fair
By Hamlin Garland

THE one break in the monotony of fall work was the County Fair, which usually came about the twentieth of September. Toward this Lincoln and his mates looked longingly. By this time they were inexpressibly weary of the plowing and cattle-tending, and longed for a visit to the town. There were always three days of the Fair, but only two were of any value to the boys. The first day was always taken up in stalling the stock and in other preparations. The fun came on the last day of the races, though Lincoln was always mildly interested in the speech-making on the second day.

The older boys planned to take their sweethearts, just as on the Fourth of July, and the wives and mothers made dozens of biscuit, and pans of fried chicken, and pies and cake for picnic dinner on the grounds. The country was new, and the show was not great, but it called the people together, and that was something. Therefore most of the threshing machines fell silent for a single day, the plows rested in the furrows, and the men put on clean shirts—but the women kept on working up to the very hour of starting for the grounds. Their work was never done.

The weather was usually clear and dry, cool of a morning, becoming hot and windless at noon; but on this particular day it was cold and cloudy, making overcoats necessary at the start. The four inseparable boys rode away together, their horses shining with the extra brushing they had endured. Rance was mounted on Ladrone, Lincoln rode Rob Roy, Milton, Mark, while Owen rode a four-year-old colt which he called Toot, for some curious reason, while the rest of the family spoke of her as Kitty. She was almost pure-blood Morgan, a bright bay, very intelligent and, for a short dash, very swift. Owen was entered for the boys' contest; the others were all too old to come in; they were going down with him merely as body-guard.

They did not stop in town, but rode rapidly through the street on down toward the Fair grounds. At the gate where two very important keepers stood, one on either side, the boys halted, and Rance, after collecting the quarters, bought the four necessary tickets; the keepers fell back, and the boys rode in, their fine horses causing every one to remark: "There are some boys for the races."

The boys were all very proud of these remarks, and they galloped around the track to show off and to get the lay of the land.

While the people were pouring in at the gates the boys rode slowly over the grounds to see what was displayed. The stock didn't interest them so much as the whirligig, and the candy-puller, and the man who twisted copper wire into "Mamie" and "Arthur" for "the small sum of twenty-five cents, or a quarter of a dollar." One or two enormous Norman horses, being a new importation, commanded their attention, and they joined the crowd around them and listened to the comments with interest; but the crowd, after all, was the wonder.

The swarming of so many people, strangers, was sufficient on its own motion to keep them busy. They were there not to see hogs and cattle, but to look upon the strange fakirs and all curious machines and alien industries. A deft and glib seller of collar buttons and lamp chimney wipers enthralled them, and a girl playing a piano in Horticultural Hall entranced them—at least, she so appealed to Lincoln and to Rance.

Hitching their horses to the family wagons, which had by this time arrived, the boys wandered about afoot. Lincoln and Owen, wearing new clothing, were correspondingly uncomfortable. The Fair was the time set apart for the one new suit they were allowed each year. Sometimes it was bought on Fair day, but usually a little before, so that the great day should be free for other pleasures. Lincoln's coat never fitted, neither did Owen's, and they were usually of the same goods precisely, differing merely in size. They were of thick, shoddy woolen goods of strange checks and stripes, the refuse of city shops, which the local dealers bought cheap and sold dear. Being intended for all the year round, they were naturally uncomfortable in the middle of a September day, and intolerable in July. Even on this windy September so the boys found their paper collars in pulp before they dared to lay off their coats and go about in their shirt-sleeves.

Lincoln's heart was full of bitterness as he saw the town boys go by in well-fitting, seasonable garments, looking comfortable even while in dressed-up condition. His hat troubled him also, for it was of a shape entirely unlike anything on the grounds. The other boys were almost all wearing a hat with a tall crown and a narrow rim, but his hat (Owen's was its twin) was a flat-crowned structure, heavy and thick; and, to make matters worse, Owen's was a size too large and rested against his ears.

Another cause of shame was the cut of his hair. Up to this time neither he nor Owen had had a "real barber cut." Mr. Stewart generally detailed one of the hired men to the duty, and the boys were in very truth "shingled." Both had heavy heads of brown hair, and after Jim Beane got done with them they had ruffles like a pineapple. Rance and Milton had rebelled against this kind of torture, and had enjoyed a barber cut for two years. Milton had boldly declared that no hired man should chaw his hair off again.

This day marked another great advance in Lincoln's life. He ate neither candy nor peanuts, and by his advice Owen limited himself to "home-made candy" and a banana, which he allowed Lincoln to taste. Neither of them had ever seen one before. "If you want to scoop in that saddle, Owen, you keep well," Lincoln had said every time Owen suggested trying some new drink or confection. Rance was bitterly disappointed when he found himself shut out of the contest for the saddle, and was very glum all the forenoon. Lincoln shared his disappointment, although he cared very little about it on his own account.

One by one they met all their friends from Sun Prairie and Burr Oak, and once they met "Freckles" face to face, and he dared them to go over to the back fence with him, to which Owen replied by putting his thumb to his nose and waving his fingers like a flag. "Freckles" was visibly enraged by this, but as the Sun Prairie boys were in full force and confident, he withdrew, uttering threats.

Wonderful to say, the boys were able to share in the jolly dinner which their mothers arranged on the grass between the wagons over on the south side of the grounds. The wagon seats were taken off to serve as chairs, a snowy white cloth was spread as neatly as on a table, and the entire Jennings family joined in the feast of cold chicken, jelly, pickles, "riz" biscuit, dried beef, apple pie, cake and cheese. Lincoln had never felt so well on a holiday, and his spirits rose instead of sank as the day wore on. Owen was fed with anxious care by his mother. He was even allowed to drink a cup of coffee as a special tonic.

Mr. Stewart declined to take the contest seriously, but Mr. Jennings agreed that some provision should be made for the older boys. "I'll tackle the president of the day," he said, "and see if a special contest can't be arranged to follow the boys' race."

The idea pleased everybody, and spread from lip to lip till it became a definite announcement. Meanwhile, various unimportant matters, like displaying sheep and cattle for prizes, were going on, when Mr. Stewart came back to where Lincoln was observing the candy-puller for the twentieth time: "Lincoln, go get the team; I've entered you for the pulling match."

Lincoln's heart suddenly failed him: "Oh, I can't do that before all those people!"

"Yes, you can. Go hitch up."

As he drove the team through the crowd, with alternate traces unhooked to drag the double-tree, Lincoln felt just as he always felt when rising to recite in school. He had a queer, sick feeling at his heart, but something nerved him to the trial.

The man who interested Lincoln

The crowd opened, and he swung his horses before the stone-boat, walled in by spectators. His team was not large, but they were large-fronted and loyal of eye, and they knew him. He had the opinion that they could pull anything they set their shoulders to, and as he gathered up the reins his eyes glowed. He climbed upon the load. The judge said:

"Keep quiet, everybody. All ready, my boy."

His voice was steady as he said: "Steady, now, Jule. Chk-chk, Dan; steady, now." The noble animals settled to the load, obeying every word. Dan was a little in advance, a few inches, with his legs set. "Get down there, Jule!" called the boy. The old mare lifted like a trained athlete, and the stone-boat slid half its length.

"All right," said the judge; "take 'em off for a minute. Anderson, your turn."

Anderson, a Norwegian, with a fine, showy team, hitched on, but could not move it; not because his horses were not strong enough, but because they were nervous and tricky.

Lime Gilman came next, and Lincoln lost his exultation as the big fellow winked at him. His team were brown Morgan grades, as responsive to his voice as dogs. They were not large, but they were beautiful as they swung into place. They were covered with costly ivory rings, and wore no blinders. They eyed their master in love, not fear. The crowd uttered a cheer of genuine admiration as Lime heaved two extra rocks upon the load.

Lime then took the reins in one hand and began uttering a pleasant, birdlike, chirping sound. Slowly, softly, the superbly intelligent creatures squatted together, setting their feet fairly and carefully on the sod.

"Dexter, boy!" said Lime, and at the soft word the load slid nearly a yard.

"Ho! That'll do, boys," called Lime, and said with a smile, "Try again?"

"It's yours!" shouted the crowd.

"Oh, no, it isn't," said Lime. "I know this boy and his team."

A big, long-legged gray team took a second trial, but though they tugged furiously, could not move the extra weight. "They're up too high on legs," was the comment of the judge.

Anderson was out of the contest, so that Lincoln was Lime's only rival now. The boy had forgotten all his shyness. He threw off his coat and hat and said to the judge: "Pile on two more stones."

The crowd cheered again as Lime himself threw on one of the big, flat, limestone slabs. Again Lincoln swung his faithful team in and hooked the traces. Again he climbed on the load and took the reins in hand. He was clear-sighted now, but tense with excitement. He could see Lime's pleasant face and his father's anxious smile.

"Steady, Dan. Take hold of it; wo-o-o-op, steady!" Again they settled to it, their great muscles rolling, their ears pointing, their eyes quiet. For a few moments they hung poised.

"*Now, Jule!*" shouted Lincoln, and the mare lifted, strained to her almost best, but the load did not move.

"Ho!" shouted Lincoln, checking them so that they would not become discouraged.

"Give it up. Take off a stone," cried the crowd.

"Not much," said Lincoln. Springing from the load, he drew the reins over Jule's back and again called on Dan to take his position, and just as they settled to their work, Lincoln brought his hand with a sharp slap under Jule's belly. "*Jule!*"

With a tremendous effort the grand brute lifted the boat full six inches, and the crowd cheered.

"That's enough! Unhitch!" called the judge.

It was now Lime's turn to swing into place.

"Good boy, Link," he said as he passed.

Once more he swung his horses to the load, but this time he fastened the reins to the harness and took his place nearer Dexter.

Again the brown team settled into place as Lime chirped:

"Easy now, Dexter. Easy, Dave. Now then, boys, all together. *Steady, boys!*" With the simultaneous action of shadows, the beautiful horses squatted and lifted, guided only by their master's signals. For full twenty seconds they held to the work, their necks outthrust, their feet clutching the earth, steady, loyal, bright-eyed, eager to do, but they could not move the load. Such action had never been seen on the Fair grounds, but they had not the weight.

They released their hold only when Lime spoke the word, and the crowd cheered with the warmest admiration.

"Call it a draw, judge!" some one shouted.

"I'm willing," said Lincoln, who had expected the browns to move the load, for he knew Lime's wonderful horsemanship.

Mr. Stewart came forward: "We'll divide the honors, Lime." And the judge so decided, while the crowd pressed around the brown horses to feel of their coats and look at their legs. In looks and character no team on the grounds approached them. As Lincoln rejoined the boys, they received him with a tone of awe because of his public position and the glory he had won.

"I knew old Jule would lift it," said Owen. "But Lime's team scared me. I tell ye, they know how to pull!"

The ringing of the signal-bell broke in upon the talk, and then a crier galloped through the grounds shouting:

"Get ready for the boys' saddle contest!"

"That's you, Owen," said Milton.

Owen stripped as for battle. He could not ride in his lumpy, heavy coat, and his hat was also an incumbrance. With trembling hands Lincoln helped him set the saddle on Kitty and wipe from her limbs all dust and sweat. She shone like a bottle when the youngster clambered to his seat.

"Don't do this." "Look out for that," said his friends,

but Owen was no talker, and rode forth in absolute silence, accompanied by Rance and Lincoln. Kitty danced and flung her head, as though she knew some test of her qualities was about to be made. At the entrance to the track his body-guard halted, and Owen rode on to the track alone, his head bare, his shirt-sleeves gleaming.

Five or six boys, on all kinds of ponies, were already riding up and down before the judges' stand. Four of them were town boys, who wore white-vizored caps and well-fitting jackets. The fifth was a tall, sandy haired lad in brown overalls and a checked shirt. He rode a "gauming" sorrel colt, with a bewildering series of gaits, and he was followed up and down the track by a tall, roughly dressed man and a slatternly girl, who invariably repeated all the old man said.

"Hold him up a little!" shouted the father.

"Hold him up a little!" repeated the girl.

"Let him out a grain!"

"Let him out a grain!"

"Set up a little!"

"Set up a little!"

All this was immensely entertaining to the crowd, but interfered with the race, so the marshal came down and ordered them both from the track, relieving the boy, who was already hot with rebellion.

The bell's clangor called all the boys before the judges' stand, and the judge said: "Now, boys, we want you to ride up and down past us for a few turns. Don't crowd each other, and don't hurry, and do your prettiest."

A single tap of the bell and the boys were off at a gallop. The town boys on their fat little ponies cantered along smoothly, but Kitty, excited by the noise and the people, forced Owen to lay his weight against the bit, which didn't look well. Sandy was all over the track with his colt, and pounded up and down like a dollar's worth of tenpenny nails in a cart. He could ride, notwithstanding, and his face was resolute and alert.

"Oh, I can't do that before all those people!"

As they turned to come back, Kitty took the bit in her teeth and went around the other horses with a wild dash, and the swing of Owen's body at the moment betrayed the natural rider, but he was only a bareheaded farmer lad, and the judges were looking at Frank Simpson, the banker's boy, and Ned Baker, Doctor Baker's handsome son. Their ponies were accustomed to crowds and to the track and to each other, while everything was strange to Sandy's colt and Owen's fiery little mare.

Owen did not see his father and mother, but Lincoln and Rance kept near the entrance, and each time he came to the turn Owen glanced that way.

As they came past the judges' stand the third time the judge said:

"When you turn again go around the track—and don't race," he said as an afterthought.

At every turn Kitty came around as if heading off a calf, swift as a wolf, a bright gleam in her eye, her ears pointing. What all this see-sawing back and forth meant she could not tell. The boys all turned in a bunch, with Owen close behind, and Sandy far over at the side, sawing at his colt's open jaw, while his father yelled instructions over the fence.

"Let him go, son!"

"Let him go," repeated the girl.

As they passed under the wire some wag on the stand tapped the bell and hundreds of voices yelled:

"Go!"

The boys forgot previous warnings. Plying whip and spur they swept on down the track, five in a bunch, Sandy behind.

"Where's Owen?" asked Rance.

"Wait a minute," replied Lincoln. As he spoke the white sleeves of Owen's shirt flashed into sight ahead of the crowd. The bay mare was a beautiful sight then. She ran low like a wolf. Her long tail streamed in the air, and her abundant mane rising in waves almost hid the boy's face. He no longer leaned ungracefully. Erect and at ease, he seemed to float on the air, and when, at intervals, he looked back to see where his rivals were, Lincoln laughed.

"Oh, catch him, will you? Let's see you do it! *Now* where are your fancy riders?"

The slick ponies fell behind; the big colt also left them, and Sandy, yelling and plying the "bud," came on, the only possible competitor. He gained on the mare, for Owen had not yet urged her in the least.

As he rounded the turn and saw that the colt was gaining, he brought the flat of his hand down on Kitty's shoulder and the colt gained no more. As he swept by at full speed the boy had on his face the look of a Sioux lad, a look of calm exultation, and his seat in the saddle was that of the born horseman. Lincoln's heart was big with pride.

"He's won it! He's won it, sure!"

When the red ribbon was put to Simpson's bridle, a groan went up from hundreds of spectators.

"Aw, no! The other one—the bareheaded boy!"

"Stewart!" yelled a voice.

"Stewart! Give it to Stewart!"

A crowd gathered around the judges, and Mr. Stewart and Mr. Jennings joined it.

"That is favoritism!" protested Mr. Jennings. "Anybody can ride these trained town ponies. The decision lies between MacElroy's son and Owen Stewart. Put your slick little gentlemen on those two horses and see how they will go through."

The crowd grew denser each moment, and Owen's horse was led through it, up to the judges as they stood arguing. Owen did not know what it was all about, except that he had not won the prize.

The judge said: "We were not deciding a race. The specifications were 'displaying most grace and skill at horsemanship.'"

"How are you to decide? You can't do it without a change of horses. Owen will ride any horse you bring him. Will your natty little men ride the bay mare and the sorrel colt?"

MacElroy and his daughter by this time had fought their way through the crowd.

"This ain't no fair shake! I wouldn't 'a' minded your givin' it to the feller on the bay mare, but them little rockin'-horse ponies—why, a suckin' goose can ride one of them!"

"That's a fact," said the girl; "a suckin' goose."

"Now this was my opinion," said one of the judges: "I voted for the first prize to Stewart, the second to MacElroy, and advocated letting 'em change horses and see what they could do."

"That was fair! That was right!" called several voices.

The third judge went on: "But I was outvoted. Mine was only a minority report, and couldn't stand."

The chairman remained firm, notwithstanding all protests, but the second judge, who was a candidate for election to the position of County Treasurer, became alarmed. He called his colleagues aside and after a moment's talk the chairman said:

"Mr. Middleton having decided to vote with Mr. Cooke, we have to announce that the first prize will go, as before, to Master Simpson, the second to Master Stewart, and the third to Master MacElroy; and this is final."

Returning to his stand, he rang the bell sharply, and again announced the decision, which was cheered in a mild sort of way.

"Clear the track for the free-for-all running race—best two in three."

Lincoln helped Owen put the fine new bridle on Kitty without joy, for young Simpson was riding about the grounds on the saddle which almost every one said should have been Owen's.

Sandy rode up, the white ribbon tied to his sorrel's bridle, a friendly grin on his face.

"I say, your horse can run five or six a minute, can't she?"

And Owen, who counted the bridle clear gain and held no malice, said: "I was scared one while when I saw your old sorrel a-comin'. I'm dry. Let's go have some lemonade. Link, hold our horses."

And they drank, Owen standing treat with all the airs of a successful candidate for Senatorial honors.

The wrangle over the decision decided the judges to have no more such contests, and Rance and Lincoln rode away in disgust.

"Now where are your fancy riders?"

Editor's Note—This is the third of four sketches of Boy Life on the Prairies, by Hamlin Garland. The remaining one, A Fighting Fourth, will appear in an early number of the Post. Those already printed are:

The Battle of the Bulls, . . . October 7
An Exciting Day at the Circus, October 14

A FUTURE FOR THE OSTRICH

By Hayden Carruth

A PICTURESQUE newspaper dispatch now current tells how an ostrich in Florida defended an inclosure of pheasants from the marauding hands of certain predaceous colored persons who seemed to suspect that these fowls would make a palatable substitute for fried chicken. The ostrich is reported to have handled them in a boisterous manner, and afterward to have stalked up and down the inclosure "hissing with anger and exultation."

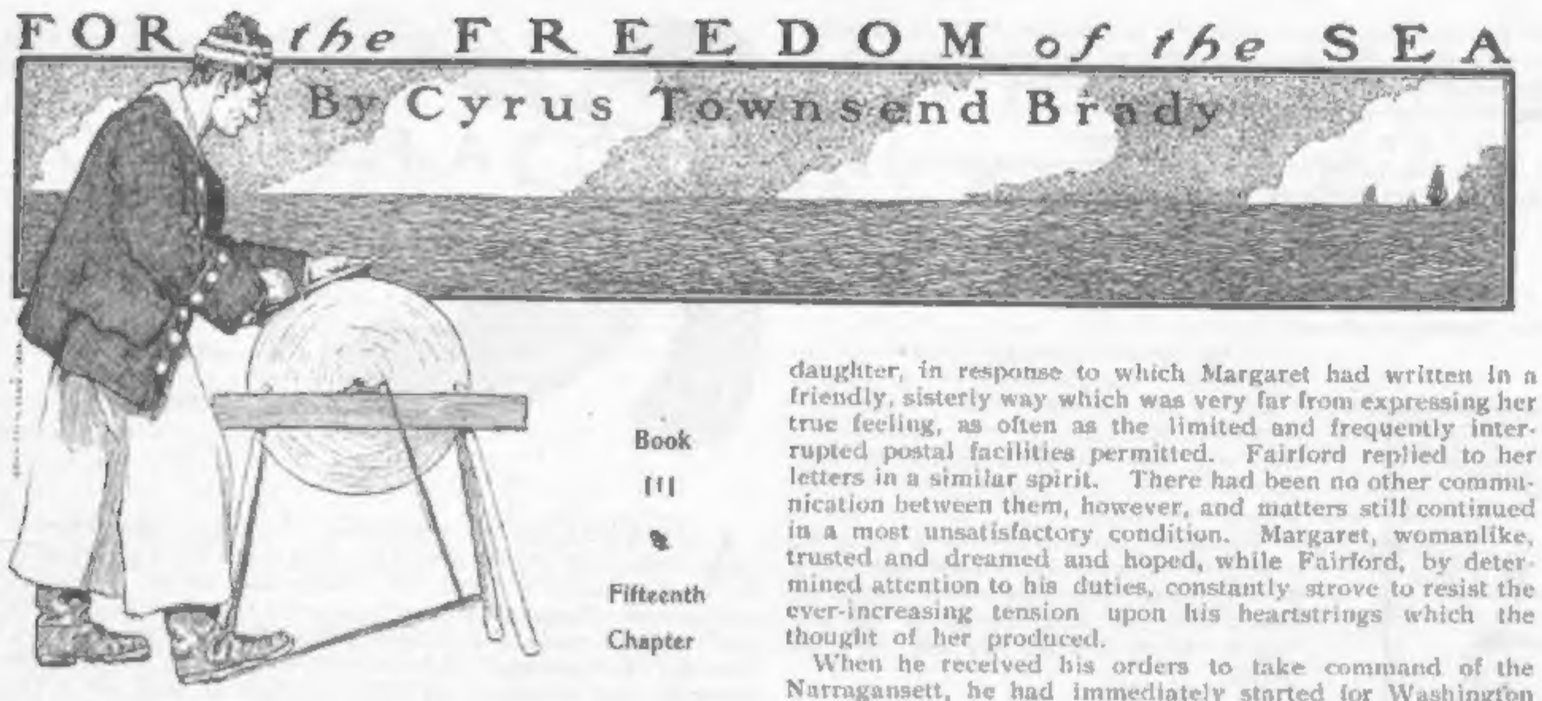
The item, short as it is, suggests a thought which may be valuable concerning the relations of man to the animal kingdom. Aside from the employment of certain beasts for draught purposes, we seem to make but little direct use of animals, benefit from them being derived chiefly from their products, or from their bodies after they have been slaughtered; in other words, their natural powers in the way of physical strength and sagacity are neglected. Is there not a field here for the modern experimenter? Let us take the ostrich: as the reader may know, he is a fowl of size, standing considerably higher than a man, and he is of robust build. This Florida specimen weighs some four hundred pounds. The ostrich is capable of rapid locomotion and has great strength. His kick is said to be far-reaching and effectual. His neck is long and capable of considerable extension and retraction. The intelligence of the ostrich has been impugned by certain writers because of his alleged belief that he can, by thrusting his head into the sand, render himself invisible; but to the thoughtful this would seem to show that he is simply extremely human in his manner of reasoning. Use ought to be made of the ostrich beyond supplying plumes. In short, why cannot the ostrich be employed for police purposes?

Many reasons may be advanced why the ostrich would make an excellent policeman. His height would give him a good view in a crowd and command the respect of the small boy. He is soft-footed and circumspect, and could creep upon a criminal unawares. His flexibility of neck would render him effective in enforcing the excise laws, making it equally easy for him to look under a door or peer through a transom. His ability to seize a full-grown man by the coat-collar and to run rapidly with him to the station-house cannot be doubted; and the sight of the hapless individual thus making his involuntary flight would certainly have an excellent deterrent effect on the citizen of criminal or bibulous tendencies. In case of riot his kick would suggest to the kicked that the strong leg of the law was not to be trifled with. Besides all this, an ostrich police force would remove the department from the influence of politics—something seldom heretofore accomplished in our municipal history.

Possibly it is as a park policeman that the ostrich will be first tried. His special fitness is obvious. He would be immune to the blandishments of the nursemaid, and he could overtake runaways and scorching bicycle riders without difficulty. He would add picturesqueness to the landscape, and serve to distract attention from the statues—an advantage of no small moment in the case of most of our parks. That he might strike terror in to the ranks of the English sparrows is not beyond the bounds of probability.

But even if the ostrich is never employed on the police force, his usefulness to the chicken-grower in protecting his flocks must be apparent. From data supplied by the Department of Agriculture it appears that the industry of the poulterer in the Southern portion of this country is seriously handicapped. The fowls pass through the earlier weeks of their existence admirably, but after reaching the broiler stage and onward the mortality is heavy. A bad-tempered, four-hundred-pound ostrich hissing about the chicken-yard ought to increase the profits largely. The practice of keeping one on guard would no doubt prove even more advantageous than the plan pursued by a man living near Aiken, South Carolina, as reported last summer. This man was nightly losing many fine yellow-legged chickens. He had a large poll parrot who was an excellent linguist. The ingenious citizen hit upon the plan of putting the parrot to roost with the chickens, at the end of the perch, near the window. The first night a man living in the neighborhood reached through the window and seized the parrot under the impression that he was a chicken. He tucked the bird under his arm, head to the rear, and began to make his way stealthily across the garden. Just then the parrot opened his beak and in a loud, clear voice woke the stillness of the night with these words: "Chicken thief! Chicken thief! Black chicken thief!" The next morning the owner found the parrot alive and well in the garden, but though he followed the trail of the visitor over into the second county he did not come up with him.

FOR *the* FREEDOM *of the* SEA



By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Book III

Fifteenth Chapter

TWO years had elapsed since the famous victory of the Constitution over the Guerrière. During this period, the ship to which Blakely Fairford had been assigned as commander had been securely blockaded in one of the harbors on the Maine coast. Save for a spirited repulse of a heavily armed cutting-out expedition, his service had been one of ceaseless watchfulness and wearing inactivity.

Early in the year 1814 he had applied for the command of the new frigate Narragansett, 36, then nearing completion at the navy yard near Washington. His request had been granted after due deliberation, but, unfortunately, the day he received the orders detaching him from his blockaded cruiser and assigning him to the command of the Narragansett, the British, under General Ross, with the cooperation of a powerful fleet under Admiral Cockburn, which had held well-nigh undisputed control of the Chesapeake since the year began, defeated the American troops at Bladensburg, captured and burned Washington, and carried away the Narragansett.

This ship had just been completed, and was filled with stores and ammunition for a long cruise abroad. Awaiting the arrival of her new Captain, who was to bring a large detachment of men with him, she had but a small crew on board, which had not been able to make any effective resistance to the British attack; and an attempt to destroy her before the enemy took possession had failed, owing to the general panic and disgraceful disorganization everywhere prevalent.

As the invaders withdrew at once from Washington in order to prosecute their attack upon Baltimore, the Narragansett, with a prize crew aboard under the command of Captain Henry Cunningham, late Captain of the Lion, who had been invalided home, had dropped down the Potomac, and had anchored off the west shore of the Chesapeake Bay. As luck would have it, with two other ships she lay a mile or two below Colonel Barrett's place, where she remained for a short period.

Sir James and Evelyn Heathcote had gone aboard of her the day of her arrival to take passage for England. After the declaration of war, Sir James' business affairs in Virginia, where as the guest of Colonel Barrett he had remained unmolested, and a serious illness early in the year, had prevented his return when it was practicable. After that, various other considerations had occurred to detain him in America, until, owing to the activity of the American war-vessels and privateers, which were sweeping the seas in every direction, it would have been dangerous to attempt a return in anything other than a heavily armed cruiser. He had gladly welcomed the advent of the British fleet and army, and eagerly availed himself of Captain Cunningham's offer of a passage home in his ship.

The presence of Sir James Heathcote in America had not been without avail to the Barretts, for by his influence and position he had been able to secure the immunity of the plantation of his friend, as well as that of his wife, from the ravages of the British marauders, who had lately infested the land, burning, plundering and outraging in every direction, looking upon the undefended counties on the Chesapeake as their pleasant gardens, from which they took what they would.

Life in the midst of stirring times elsewhere had flowed by peacefully, therefore, for the Colonel and his daughter. That somewhat immature but precocious young lady had rounded and developed into a woman, both in character and in person. Social gayeties had of course been largely intermitted since the war began, most of the young men having gone into the service of their country, and the two girls, Evelyn and Margaret, had enjoyed abundant opportunity to dream uninterruptedly of the absent sailors to whom they had given their hearts.

The tedium of their hours had been lightened by a visit from Richard Heathcote, who had been allowed, through Colonel Barrett's influence, this privilege on his parole during his brief stay in this country as a prisoner of war. There were no waltzes and flirtations on this occasion, and the tacit understanding which had existed between Evelyn and himself was formally ratified by an engagement based upon their mutual affection.

Richard had carried messages of affection from Fairford to Colonel Barrett, and others of a more formal character to his daughter, in response to which Margaret had written in a friendly, sisterly way which was very far from expressing her true feeling, as often as the limited and frequently interrupted postal facilities permitted. Fairford replied to her letters in a similar spirit. There had been no other communication between them, however, and matters still continued in a most unsatisfactory condition. Margaret, womanlike, trusted and dreamed and hoped, while Fairford, by determined attention to his duties, constantly strove to resist the ever-increasing tension upon his heartstrings which the thought of her produced.

When he received his orders to take command of the Narragansett, he had immediately started for Washington with a picked body of a hundred seamen who had been with him for several years, including old Joseph Rhodes, the boatswain's mate, and Master Billy Cotton, the youngster who had been so zealous for his prize-money on the Constitution. Ludlow, his intimate friend, who had been appointed his First Lieutenant, accompanied them.

They reached Baltimore in time to take part in repelling the attack upon that city, and it was there that they learned of the capture of the Narragansett and her present position off the mouth of the Potomac.

Fairford at once conceived the bold design of cutting her out. A careful reconnoissance which he made with a small boat soon after his arrival disclosed the fact that she was moored head-and-stern about two cables' length from the other English ships—a man-of-war brig of eighteen guns and a new forty-four-gun frigate, which the English had built after the Constitution's model to cope with the heavy American frigates.

The second night after his observations, as there was no moonlight, he determined upon for the attempt. He had not yet had time to communicate his arrival to Colonel Barrett and his family, as he most assuredly would have done under other circumstances, and they were not aware of his presence in their vicinity. As it happened, the Narragansett was under orders to get away for England on the day following the night selected for the boat expedition.

Sixteenth Chapter

EARLY in the morning, in the cabin of the Captain of the Narragansett, the Captains of the three ships and several other officers in full uniform were seated at one end of a table. At the other end three men, heavily handcuffed and strongly guarded by marines, were standing.

The first was one William Badely, an Englishman, once a member of the crew of His Britannic Majesty's late lamented ship Guerrière; the other two were John and Samuel Martin, father and son, the Gloucester fishermen, some time members of the crew of His Britannic Majesty's ship Lion, once commanded by Henry Cunningham, who was now in command of the Narragansett, prize, and who sat at the head of the table.

These officers comprised a court martial, which had tried these three deserters who had been captured with the Narragansett, to which they had been previously ordered, by a scurvy trick of fate.

They had already concluded their deliberations, but had been reassembled, and the prisoners had been summoned to hear their sentences, which had been received back that morning from Admiral Cockburn, commanding the fleet in the Chesapeake.

"William Badely, stand forth," said Cunningham, the president of the court, with much solemnity, at the same time standing up himself and putting his cocked hat upon his head, and laying his hand upon his sword, "and hear the sentence of this honorable court, which has been approved by the Admiral commanding the fleet. The sentence is that you be hung from the yard-arm of the Narragansett, prize, at two bells in the first dog-watch this day, October 1, 1814, there to hang until sunrise the next morning, as a warning to the crews of His Majesty's ships in these waters for desertion and for bearing arms in the service of the enemy, and may God have merry on your soul!"

Badely, though not deficient in the ordinary courage of his station, turned white at this terrible announcement, which was received in deep silence by the others in the cabin. Moistening his lips nervously with his tongue, he endeavored to speak, and finally gave utterance in a hoarse whisper:

"For God's sake, sir, Your Honor, give me another chance! I didn't ship willin' on the Gurreer, sir. I was pressed the very night I was married," he went on, piteously stretching forth his manacled hands, "an' I ain't never seen my wife since the day I left her swoondin' on the beach. So help me God, I never meant no harm by leavin' the ship! Oh, good, kind gentlemen," he continued, his wild gaze turning toward the faces of the other members of the court, as he recoiled before Cunningham's impassive, contemptuous glance, "you wouldn't go for to make a poor sailor man, wot knows nothin' about the rights an' wrongs of this matter, slip his cable an' sail into the presence of his Maker without no more chance than four hours leaves him for to get ready in? Oh, please, sir, if you have a wife of your own, an' love life an' freedom," he begged with rude eloquence, turning to Cunningham again, his voice gaining strength, "give me another chance, Your Honor. I'll fight for you, I'll work for you—I'll do anything. For God's sake, sir, don't hang me like a dog!"

"Enough of this," said Cunningham harshly; "the sentence of the court will be carried out. The Chaplain will visit you, and if you have any preparations to make, you would better make them. Sergeant," he added, turning to the marine guard, "remove your prisoner."

The blood came rushing into the face of Badely as he realized the hopelessness of his situation, and with it came that reckless indifference which often follows hard upon the heels of departing hope. Grinding his teeth with rage, he lifted his hands and, leaping forward, struck murderously at the Captain.

"Curse your soul," he said, while his frantic efforts to reach the officer were frustrated by the promptitude of the guards, who closed around him and seized him in a ruthless grasp, "if I could only get at ye, I'd tear the heart out of ye, ye bloody, murderin' tyrant. May the curse of God come on ye for this day's work, an' on King George, aye, an' on his Chaplain, too! I want none of them, ye——"

"Gag that man," said Cunningham

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

"Gag that man," said Cunningham, who had not moved an inch during the onset, for, though the Englishman was a tyrant, he was not a coward, "and remove him."

Uttering frightful oaths and imprecations, and struggling in a most terrible way, Badely was finally gagged and dragged from the cabin.

Turning calmly to the other two prisoners, the Captain continued:

"The sentence of the court for the same offenses upon you, John Martin, is that you receive three hundred lashes on the bare back with the cat-o'-nine-tails, at eight bells, noon, on this ship this day; and that you, Samuel Martin, in consideration of your youth, receive one hundred and fifty lashes of the cat at the same time and in the same place, and you may thank His Majesty's officers for their mercy and clemency in your case."

Samuel Martin, who was a slender, somewhat delicate young fellow, laughed wildly.

"Mercy!" he shrieked. "You call one hundred and fifty lashes mercy!"

"Silence, sir!" shouted Cunningham.

"By Heaven!" said the elder Martin, a man of the stoutest and strongest fibre, "you can't do it. You dare not. As I told ye, I am an American citizen, born in Massachusetts, and my son here as well. There's not a man standing at that table but what knows it. Did you ever hear an Englishman talk as I do? I claim our rights, ye bloody, murdering, kidnapping——"

"If you say another word, Martin," interrupted Cunningham fiercely, "I'll add another hundred lashes to your punishment. You'll find out what we dare."

"You——" shrieked old Martin, when Cunningham continued:

"And on second thought, I won't add it to your punishment, but to your boy's yonder."

At this fearful threat Martin's lips were sealed. Ever since the death of his wife, at the birth of this child, he had

Editor's Note—This story began in the Post of September 30.

but one passion in his lonely life—his son. He clenched his teeth together and looked at Cunningham, who smiled slightly in bitter triumph.

"It's a bad thing to cross me, as you have found out. It was a bad day when you deserted my ship, Master Martin. Remember—no more words," he added, lifting a warning hand as he saw the bitter struggle going on in the man's breast. He waited a moment to get the full effect of his triumph.

"Take them forward," he said finally, with a low, scornful laugh, which capped the climax and added the last straw to the balance in which old Martin weighed his tormentor.

Seventeenth Chapter

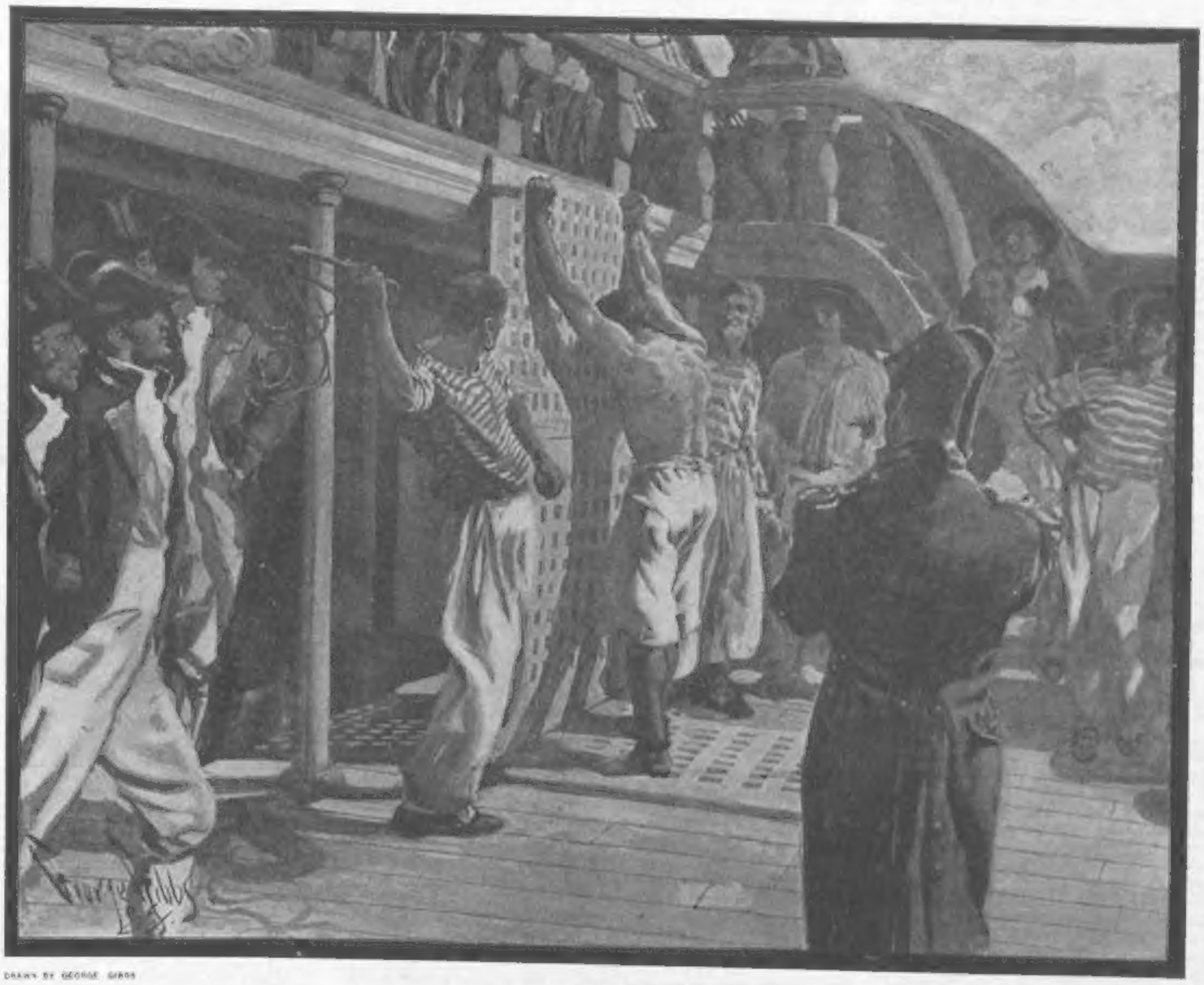
AS EIGHT BELLS were struck forward the shrill pipes of the boatswain and his mates were heard, followed by the hoarse cry:

"All hands lay aft to witness punishment."

In obedience to this command, the expectant seamen came tumbling up from below, or lay down from the topgallant forecastle and ranged themselves forward of the mainmast in either gangway, according to their watches, facing aft. They were joking and laughing among themselves, eagerly anticipating the approaching spectacle, which they looked upon as a delectable amusement when not the objects of punishment themselves, so blunted were their sensibilities by that harsh and brutal treatment wrongly considered necessary to proper discipline.

A marine guard lent by one of the other ships was drawn up in lines on the poop-deck facing forward, with their muskets charged and ready. The Captain stood near the starboard gangway on the quarter-deck, facing the crew; the other officers, fully armed, Jamieson, the First Lieutenant, at their head, formed a little group near the break of the poop abaft of and at some distance from the Captain. On the port side of the quarter-deck a heavy wooden hatch grating had been thrown upon the deck in front of the cabin doors.

"Bring up the two prisoners," said the Captain to the master-at-arms. "Mr. Jamieson, you will read the findings and sentence of the court martial to the crew."



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

"TWO"

While the brief document was being read, the master-at-arms and his assistants brought the prisoners to the mast. The several boatswain's mates, who, for their strength, skill and experience, had been selected to administer the brutal punishment, now rolled up the sleeves of their shirts, exposing their brawny arms, and each one took a new cat-o'-nine-tails, commonly called "the cat." This terrible instrument of punishment consisted of nine stout quarter-inch pieces of new Manila rope, each about a yard long, usually with one end carefully whipped and the other attached securely to a stout wooden handle. Sometimes each rope ended in a "Turk's head," a round, hard knot, with other similar knots half way between the end and the handle.

"Which one shall we take first, sir?"

"The old one," replied the Captain. "We'll let him show his boy how to take it."

The two seamen, holding the unfortunate Martin, roughly stripped his shirt from him, and turned down his trousers slightly, exposing the whole range of his bare back. Then they started to drag him aft.

"I'll walk," said the man; "you don't have to drag me."

"Anxious to get there, are you?" sneered the Captain tauntingly, with his handsome face deeply flushed, bespeaking the fact that he had been drinking and was somewhat under the influence of the liquor he had taken, else he would never have descended to such undignified baiting. "You'll be more anxious to get away from that grating presently, I fancy," he added with his mocking laugh. That was the second time Martin had heard that laugh.

Not deigning to reply, and only shooting one glance of such hatred and resolution in the Captain's direction as might well have made him tremble if he had been in his right senses, his arms still tightly clasped by his guards, who seemed to fear an attempt at escape, he walked up to the grating.

Ropes were brought and his bare feet were tied securely to the heavy cross-pieces of the grating; his hands were triced up over his head and lashed in the same way to another grating, which had been fastened to the break of the poop, leaving his back to the crew. It was the broad back of a Hercules. The first boatswain's mate stepped to one side, shook out the cat, and then looked at the Captain.

"Go on," said that officer.

In a silence which was absolute the man threw the cat backward over his shoulder and then raised his arm and brought it down squarely upon the white and naked back of the prisoned man. The nine ropes whizzed through the air singing a song of hate and destruction. Then, with a dreadful, sucking clasp, they bit eagerly into the smooth, white flesh of the unfortunate prisoner; the tender skin seemed to crisp and curl upon the mighty back, and broad, red wales showed themselves from shoulder to hip. The man shuddered slightly but made no sound.

"One!" said the boatswain, who had been appointed to keep tally. The arm was raised again; this time the man sprang forward viciously as if to make his own weight tell in the blow, and once more the lash fell upon the sailor. With a skill born of long practice the boatswain's mate slightly checked the lash as it descended and gave it a peculiar twisting, withdrawing motion. The man shuddered again but kept still.

"Good!" said the Captain.

"Two!" counted the boatswain impassively.

At twenty-five lashes the man who had been officiating gave place to another, a left-handed man this time, who crossed the blows. The terrible punishment was almost more than the resolution of the man could bear, yet not a single groan had escaped from the closed lips of the iron-hearted sailor. He stood leaning upon his suspended arms, convulsive shudders alone bespeaking life. His magnificent courage and resolution even evoked the admiration of the hardened crew, who had not been used to a silent reception of punishment of this kind, and murmurs were heard here and there among them until they were silenced by the stern voice of the inflexible Captain. At the one hundred and fiftieth lash physical nature could stand no more, and there was a sudden collapse of body, not of will, which left the man hanging limply from the lashings which secured his hands.

"Belay there a moment," said the Captain. "Some of you fetch a bucket of water," he continued, while the boatswain's mate combed out the knotted, intertwined strands of the cat with his fingers.

"Dash it over him," he said.

As the cold salt water struck Martin's body and penetrated the wounds upon his back, consciousness returned, and before he had recovered full command of himself a low moan rose to his lips which he stifled as soon as he realized the situation.

"Doctor," said the Captain with a wave of his hand to that functionary, "step forward and feel his pulse."

"He will safely stand a little more, I think, Captain," replied the obsequious physician after obeying the command.

"Better finish out the second hundred, I should say, sir."

"Very good. That will leave one hundred more to be delivered when he gets over this—as a dessert for his meal," said the Captain brutally, nodding acquiescence.

This barbarous custom of deferring a portion of the punishment was frequently practiced in spite of the piteous importunities of the men, who had no wish to receive an additional lashing upon a half-healed and tender back, but usually preferred to take it all at once at whatever present cost.

Therefore, at the two-hundredth lash Martin was unbound. As he was turned about to face the officers and crew, his face was scarcely less frightful in appearance than had been his raw and beaten back. A carelessly delivered blow—or perhaps a malicious one—had caused the lashes of the cat to reach his face, which was seamed with great red welts. The knotted end of one lash had struck him fairly in the right eye, which the blow had beaten out. His sides were seamed by the overreaching ends of the lashes.*

He had stepped up to the grating a splendid, stalwart man, in the prime of life and strength; he left it an old, bent, broken wreck—broken in body, not in spirit. As he was turned, he staggered blindly, and would have fallen if it had not been for the assistance of the men who attended him. There was nothing about him that to a casual inspection indicated humanity or strength; even the baleful glance of his bloodshot but unwounded left eye was beastlike in its dull, stupid ferocity—the animal for the moment was uppermost.

"Shall we take him below, sir?" said the master-at-arms, carelessly sprinkling the man's back with a handful of salt.

"No," said the Captain brutally; "let him stay by the mast there so he can get a full view of how his whelp takes it.

* Author's Note—It is of record that on the Macedonian, in 1811, a man received three hundred lashes in two different installments for having stolen a handkerchief.

I'll break the will of the mutinous dog before I get through with him," he muttered fiercely to himself.

Eighteenth Chapter

UNABLE to stand alone, old Martin leaned heavily against the file rail about the mast, and his attendants released him as now beneath contempt. When he had gone aft a few moments before, to receive the cruel and undeserved punishment, his mind had been so full of the bitter outrage that was to be done not only to his citizenship, but to his manhood as well, his being was so pervaded with the sense of the injustice and glaring wrong of it all, and his soul was so filled with rage at the author of his misery and at the tyrannical system he represented, and the consciousness of his own impotent helplessness, that he ground his teeth together and scarcely felt the first blow of the cat. But those blows succeeded each other in such rapid succession, falling again and again with an ever-increasing pain upon the same portion of his body, that the mental anguish he had suffered gradually faded away in the dreadful present stroke of that hydra-headed, snakelike whip. His nervous system responded so keenly to the terrible demands made upon it by his bodily agony that all the thinking power he had left merged itself in one supreme effort to keep silent. He thought of nothing but how to suffer and make no sound.

Oh, the torture of those whistling lashes! The familiar objects near him swam redly before his vision as he stared at them. He forgot what he was—where he was—what was happening; but one thing remained to him—he must not shriek, nor moan, nor sob, nor cry aloud; he was to be silent, no matter what happened. He concentrated his will upon that idea, and clung to it with a tenacity of resolution unbreakable. He was long past tears. Tears are for the feeble—for the little sorrow—for the easy pain.

Presently he found himself at the focus of a vast whirling vortex of wild, lurid sensations. The world was strangely silent to him save for a fierce singing, whistling sound like the beating wings of a bird rushing madly through the air—the song of the lash! By and by the unbearable physical pain seemed to grow gradually less. There was no respite for him in the torture, however. A more intolerable mental agony succeeded. Strange things took the place of the whip, and caused him even more suffering. One was a rough hammering sound: beat! beat! beat! It said in the silence which surrounded the vast whirlpool of which he was the centre. Beat!—beat!—beat! It seemed to rise up and strike him in the throat and choke him. He could not know that it was his own wild heart.

The whip caressed him now. Its stroke seemed as soft and tender as the kiss of a baby's lips or the touch of a falling leaf. He could have enjoyed the exquisite pain, but another sound denied him that privilege. It was a far-off voice. It counted—counted—counted—with terrible iteration. What was it counting? That beating, hammering thing! Count—beat—stroke! The whole world grew black to him. The vortex rose up in mighty waves and overwhelmed him. He drifted away in delicious languor—to sleep. Was it sleep?

There was a sudden awakening. Something sharp seemed to ring in the hollow of his fretted ear like a blow, like the high, piercing note of a silver bell heard in the still night. The red mist wavered before him once more. What was that?—the beat—the count—the blows—again! The short respite had brought back the agony. He longed to shriek and curse and blaspheme, but he dimly remembered that, for some reason, he was to keep his lips closed and be still. By and by it stopped—the counting, the beating, the lash which had screamed like an evil bird of prey, they all stopped; an appalling silence fell upon him.

Nineteenth Chapter

HE WAS turned about and supported. The blinding light of the noonday sun fell full in his face; it was daytime, then. He could only see dimly with one of his eyes. He staggered and would have fallen. He felt himself half carried, half dragged forward and placed against some solid support. Was it over? The gentle autumn breeze blew across his face.

Realization began to come to him, and with it a wild joy. He knew now that he had been beaten like a dog—nay, as no dog had ever been beaten; and because he was a man, and not a beast, he had not cried out. That was triumph surely!

With returning mental clearness came returning physical consciousness. The fires of hell were burning upon his shoulders now; a hideous hot iron seemed to be turning about in his beaten eye. God! Was there a God? How much longer could he bear it? He found himself mechanically clutching wood and ropes, and looking at a strange, curious figure seen dimly through the mists.

A figure covered with blue and gold, wearing a face handsome and mocking—a sinister, sneering smile upon his lips. The face of a god and the smile of a devil. He stared fascinated and forgetting. It was a strangely familiar sight. Where had he seen that smiling face? What was it smiling at? And then another sound broke on his dulled ear, followed by that diabolical whistling sound—the lash was singing again, yet he felt no blows. What was it? A young voice, high and shrill, with agony—despair—torture in its notes; a reminiscent voice. It clutched at his heart like a vise. Where had he heard that voice before?

Ah, it came back to him with a mighty rush of recollection. There was a young woman lying on a bed there, white-faced and still; and clutching at the cold breast which rose and fell no more, a baby's hand; the child cried loud and shrill, and that smiling, mocking face looked on.

The picture faded. There was a little boy playing about his knee in a little home; the still, white-faced woman was gone forever; they were alone, save for that insistent and smiling demon. Then there arose before him a rose-garden overlooking the sea; the child was older; they walked side by side—with that sneering face with its hellish smile still between them. They sailed together on the sea, the child a man. God in Heaven! What was that? That shriek? Whose was that bloody figure? What ship was this?

The man awoke, humanity regained the upper hand once more—the man witnessing the torture of his son whom he had loved better than his life. He knew what that terrible whip was like; he had just received its caresses. They mistake who say that it is only mothers who love their children; the measure of love for humanity lies in the gift of a Father who sent His Son.

The man straightened out his arms and dragged himself painfully to his feet. Strength returned to him. He heard

Old Martin attacks Cunningham

that shriek once more, and then in the silence a low, mocking laugh. He knew it now. The ship—the Captain—he was the chosen instrument.

"God have mercy upon us," he whispered, starting forward.

Like the blind Samson in his hour of shame, his powers came back to him. God was with him. As he struggled slowly to his feet, the Lieutenant commanding the marines happened to glance at him. A moment before, Captain Cunningham had stepped back toward the opening in the bulwarks, and, looking at the hapless father, had laughed sardonically a third time. That was his last laugh.

Before he realized it, a blood-stained, hideous figure, its lurid face seamed and welted, with one eye gone, but with the other looking hell into his own, sprang upon him like a destroying storm. Two mighty arms closed about him, crushing the life out of him with their tremendous pressure.

A bold man was Captain Cunningham and a hardy, but the spirit went out of him then, and in that fleeting moment he lived over some of the tortures he had inflicted upon his fellow-men. Though the blood-boltered lips so near his own made no sound, a voice whispered to his soul:

"Vengeance is mine; I will repay."

The marine officer, as Martin sprang upon the Captain, seized a musket from the man next to him and, hastily giving the alarm, pulled the trigger. It was too late. The bullet buried itself harmlessly in the mainmast. No one dared fire again for fear of hitting the Captain.

"Seize him," thickly groaned Cunningham, fumbling weakly for his sword.

They were his last words. The dazed officers and men sprang at the two. But old Martin was too quick for them. Raising the Captain in his arms like a child, and with him still tightly clasped in that fearful embrace, he leaped through the open gangway. A little rope looped across the top of the entrance broke like paper; there was a rush, a splash—they were gone—gone forever from the sight of men.

A ripple in the still water, a few bubbles on the surface—that was all.

Twentieth Chapter

YOUNG MARTIN was not made of the strong stuff of his indomitable father. He had received an heritage of weakness from his mother which had endeared him to his father's iron heart, but which ill fitted him for experiences of this sort. A different ichor filled his veins, and a different spirit pervaded his body; the sight of his father during and after his flogging had almost undermined his courage.

He nervously summoned all his resolution, however, and it was not until the fifth lash upon his thin and delicate shoulders that he gave way. The terrible shrieks to which he gave utterance had added the last touch to the strain upon the overwrought old father, who, with the last remnant of his vital force, had executed judgment upon the Captain.

From the time old Martin rose from the mast until they disappeared beneath the water but a few seconds had elapsed.

"Man overboard! Back, men! Every man to his station," shouted Jamieson, recovering himself with the promptitude of a sailor, as, after a moment of horrified surprise, the men came surging aft, while the officers whipped out their swords. "Mr. Swaim, stand by with the marines. Lay aft the crew of the gig. Jump for life, men. Overhaul the falls there. Mr. Price, go with them. Lower away!"

With incredible smartness the crew of the gig of the dead Captain tumbled into the boat, Lieutenant Price took command, and the boat dropped to the water and darted to the starboard side, where the two men had gone overboard.

"Ready!" said the clear voice of the marine Lieutenant, Swaim. "Take aim!" and the pieces of the marine guard came up to the shoulders, covering the crew with military precision.

The crew, who had perhaps not intended any mutinous action, though one never knew what would happen if the iron rule of discipline were for a moment relaxed upon an English ship, were at once cowed by this prompt display of force, and settled back quietly to their stations, as before. But the long moments wore away, and the Captain and the sailor rose no more to the surface. Justice had been done. The tragedy was complete. Locked in each other's arms, they had drifted out to sea, and it may be that so clasped they stood before the great judgment seat in that final day when the King and the Captain stand on the same rigid level with the peasant and the sailor, where alone humanity finds equal justice and impartiality, for there alone is God.

"Go over and report this to the officer commanding the squadron. It's useless to look any longer for them," finally called out Lieutenant Jamieson to the officer in charge of the boat which had been rowed carefully about the ship. "Meanwhile, I see no reason why we should not finish the punishment of the young one. Go on, bos'n."

When the unfortunate young Martin was carried down after he had received one hundred and fifty lashes, his constitution and nervous system had been shattered for life. He was delirious that night, and for several nights after, and when he recovered he was like a harmless, broken-spirited child, mind and body irreparably wrecked.

At the appointed hour, in spite of what had occurred, the sentence of the court martial was carried out upon the remaining prisoner, and the unfortunate Badely, shrieking and cursing and struggling unavailingly as before, was run up to the main-yard, where he was left to hang in ghastly warning until the morning. In spite of his horrible death, it was hardly to be doubted that fate had been more merciful to him than she had been to the other two.

The tale of Cunningham's death was long told in both services. As he had a reputation for ferocity and brutality unequaled, it was felt that there was a sort of rude retributive justice in the manner of his taking off.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note—The punishment accorded the three men as described in the current chapters of For the Freedom of the Sea was not considered in any way excessive, as desertion to the enemy and service under his flag was one of the most serious breaches of discipline.

Flogging has been entirely abolished in the United States Navy since the middle of the century, and in all other civilized navies as well, and the English sailor is now treated as well as his American brother.

—C. T. B.

The MAKING of a JOURNALIST

By JULIAN RALPH

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IN THIS chapter I propose to continue my own often amusing, usually non-commonplace and sometimes risky adventures. I tell of my own because these are the ones I naturally know most about, though the life of any correspondent which covers as many years is apt to have been just as full of incident. Such a chapter has its place in this series because, as these haps and mishaps of a newspaper correspondent's life come trooping and crowding to the mind, one is able to see how wide a field and varied a collection of peoples, subjects and situations are covered in the experience of the modern knight-errant. The modern knight-errant! How strange it is that we are able to-day to find a genuine and an ancient knight of romance, left over from the Middle Ages, with which to compare the men of the modern school!

We all of us felt refreshed by the appearance among us in this late century of a man like the disreputable Major Esterhazy, in the Dreyfus case. Leaving out his morals, which would not have been weighed in the age where he belongs, and regarding only his profession and experiences, we see that this extraordinary relic might easily, in medieval times, have been a very notable, even a heroic, figure. With only his wits and his sword to live upon, he has drifted over Europe, serving in this army and that army and the other, now plotting with his superiors, now manœuvring for his own advantage, but often fighting, and always ready and eager to risk his life in battle or in duel. He has ended his career as a leading figure in a case almost as conspicuous as the sun blaze, but it is ended only because of the age in which his part was played. In earlier centuries the wickedness of his part would not have been exposed, and we should have known only of his soarings—never of his stoopings. But there he stands—adventurer, knight, warrior, courtier, wit—a full reflex of a life which in its own proper period would have seemed all romance. And how does he compare with a knight of the pen to-day? How cribbed and confined does such comparison make his life appear; how narrow his field, how thin, sparse and infrequent have been his adventures; how barren of good and of power appears his influence when contrasted with that which attends the exciting career of a first-class correspondent of to-day—especially of one who works only for the right, the truth and justice, and will not pen a single word that does not rhyme with his convictions.

THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF A CHINESE CITY

In the last chapter you were in China with me. Let us stay there a brief time longer. We shall get little of hair-breadth 'scapes or thrilling episodes, but we shall see ourselves far from Fleet Street, at least, surrounded by novel stage-settings. The Tao-ti or Governor of a city has had my Chinese passport presented to him, and for some reason takes its high-flown Oriental language literally—as if he were not used to the effervescence and flower of his own speech. He has sent word that he wishes me to dine with him and I am on my way to his palace (?). Upon the drawbridge over the moat beside the wall are many lepers and other mendicants exhibiting the cruel ravages of hideous diseases. One of them has died over night, and his body lies among the living, no one daring to touch it lest he be called upon to explain the cause of the man's death. "One piecee man makee," says my interpreter, and that is all he thinks or cares about the matter. So we pass on under the arch and through the wall into a bustling Chinese city where the entire four hundred millions of Chinamen appear to have come together. The long, narrow street is lined on either side with tiny shops which appear like holes in the wall and which fully reveal the interior crowds of workmen, salesmen, merchants, servants and customers. Women and babies clutter the doorways, and bowls of burning charcoal stand on the counters to afford lights for those who smoke. The goods on sale hang all over the sides and ceilings of the shops and lie in heaps on the floors. The workmen make before your eyes many of the goods that you may be seeking to buy. The air above you at either side is cluttered with gaudy hangings and projecting signs, and every shop has its complement of lanterns. The street is all but blocked with chattering Chinamen in cotton clothes, and often all but noiseless shoes, and these are pushed and knocked about by the bearers of burdens balanced on poles across their shoulders and by the rushing chair-bearers, who trot up and down carrying their masters and mistresses in silken sided sedan chairs. We pass a beautiful tea house built on an island in a lake, and stop to see on the ground beside us a conjurer more wonderful than I have ever seen in London, New York, or anywhere in India. At last we reach the Tao-ti's palace. Its gate is what was once a beautifully designed portal of *arabesquerie*, but it is broken, unpainted and shabby. We enter it and observe that at one side is a wall, and opposite that is a series of open buildings or pavilions. First is the guard-house, then beyond a court is the magistrate's courtroom, then there is another open place, and last of all is the mandarin's dwelling. That, of course, is in three parts—a building for the men, another for the women, and the third for the servants. Thus for the first time we understand the Biblical expression, "In my Father's house are many mansions."

On the wall facing all these buildings is a huge painting of the tiger which was so inflated with vanity that it tried to eat the sun and got himself burned up in consequence. This is always painted where a magistrate or man of authority must see it in order to warn him of the necessity for modesty, self-control, and a due estimate of his own insignificance. We pass the lounging guards of the first pavilion—so like the loaferish Tammany parasites at home. Next we come to the prison, before which some prisoners are in boxes precisely like the wooden ones in which young canary birds are carried, except that in this case the birds are in blue cotton and the cages are larger. Other prisoners sit or stand with their heads thrust through great squares of wood. We look into the jail for a moment and see all the prisoners in wooden cages—queer-looking, but, after all, not different in principle from our own prison cells. At last we come to the Tao-ti seated in ceremonial dress behind a table in a room with unheeded mottoes from Confucius and warnings against bribe-taking and corruption hanging about the walls. On the floor his retainers have flung in heaps the banners, fancy dresses and antique weapons they carry before him when he goes out. The litter and disorder destroy the best efforts of the man to maintain dignity and impress us with his importance.

DINING IN STATE WITH THE MANDARIN MAYOR

And now he leads us into the banqueting hall in his mansion. A table is heaped with Chinese delicacies displayed on costly porcelain. Flowers, feathers, bronze and crystal deck the snowy table. Beside it the whole front of the house is of glass, and against the glass every nose in the place is flattened. All his retainers are going to watch whatever goes on inside. There can be no privacy, no secrecy in China. Exclusiveness and aloofness would at once lead to suspicions of evil doing—and suspicion in China is practically as bad as conviction. Before we eat we must undergo ceremony. The mandarin betakes himself to a high sofa, begs me to seat myself beside him, crosses his legs like a tailor and commands his pipe. His secretary and distinguished friends arrange themselves like more tailors on other settees. Then the mandarin assures me of my greatness and asks to see the button of my rank. I can show no button, and neither he nor his friends can understand why. During the two hours I spend in that company the subject constantly recurs. It is no use for me to say that even my President, the ruler of my country, has no button of rank, for they think there cannot be rank without a button to distinguish it. One other remarkable difference between China and the West is brought out in our talk, and this time it is I who am puzzled.

"There is a war between you and the 'Little Black Men,'" I say, referring to the Japanese.

"Yes," says the mandarin, "and the Emperor has asked us for soldiers to help the North to fight the Little Black Men. We shall send no soldiers. If the North has got into a war, let it get out of it, I say. It is no concern of ours."

I remember one morning I awoke in my glass boat and came out on deck to breathe the fresh, clear air. We had moored our boat in the darkness, but daylight showed us a gate in a city wall just beside us. Suddenly some soldiers came swarming on the wall, some with bugles and some with guns. They dragged a cannon or two to the embrasures and pointed the muzzles down toward our little craft. My! but I was nervous when I saw this. I sent my boy in haste to find out why we were about to be blown to kingdom come in this extraordinary way, without a chance to explain, apologize or escape. The boy came lounging coolly back. "It is nothing at all," said he. "Soldier man hab take in cannon and gun in night so can go sleep. In morning soldier man bring out cannon, gun, banner, everything, so can watch, keep away bad people." And that was all it was.

WHERE ANGELS WOULD HAVE FEARED TO TREAD

And now we will, with one leap, betake ourselves to America. Fire-damp has exploded in the largest mine in the country, and I am sent to see the dead and the living brought up from the bowels of the earth. When this has been done the mine is declared closed until a blockaded shaft can be cleared out and a draft can be worked to clear the air and make it safe for men to work there. From pure bravado and folly I bribe a miner to take me down and through the gas-laden place. Though I did this, it is the sort of thing I wish to discourage, to condemn, to write against on all occasions. Whether in war or peace the correspondent who wilfully risks his life from a false sense of heroism degrades his business and violates his duty to the public and to his employer. However, I was young, and with another correspondent I paid ten dollars to be taken secretly through the mine. It did not occur to me that only a fool or a lunatic would help me in my folly, but I soon found it out. When we were in the heart of the mine the man began poking his naked lamp in the fissures and crannies above our head, saying: "Here's where the gas do be, and here, in such cracks like this." We had to use force to keep him from blowing up us and the mine, and to threaten him with violence unless he used the utmost discretion thereafter. After we were out of the great cavern and in the sunlight we thought with pleasure of the man's strange talk of the little brown folk who lived in the mine and appeared to warn the men when danger threatened—for he was a typical Welshman and a typical bred in the bone child of superstition—a Welshman and a type.

WHY THE PUMA REFUSED A DINNER

On one night in the Kootenay Country, Frederic Remington, the artist, and I had been fishing until after ten o'clock, enjoying the novel sensation of catching gamy and very large fish hours after most fishermen in other places imagine that fish have ceased to bite. At last we tired of the sport, and broke our way through the primitive and dense bush to the trail. Along that we toiled armed with nothing but our light fishing-rods. When we at last came to the shanty of some engineers whose guests we were, a man rushed up to us and asked if we had just come up the trail. We said we had. "Well," said he, "ten minutes ago I saw an immense puma going down the trail—the biggest I ever saw. How can it be possible you did not meet him?" There was only one explanation, of course: the puma was not hungry.

Across the border in the Canadian bush Remington and I were once upon a hunting trip with Cree Indians for our guides. One of these was the best hunter in the Province, but a drunkard. We were warned of his besetting vice, and told that if he yielded to it while out with us our costly expedition would come to naught. On the first day, when we were miles from any habitation, I saw the Indian furtively stealing a bottle up to his mouth. Without reflecting, urged by my indignation, I snatched the bottle from his hand and flung it as far as I could into the forest. "You madman," said Remington, who was a hundred times more used to Indians than I; "he will brood over that until at last he will kill you, or try to. You must never do an angry thing to a savage unless you are prepared for worse from him." Therefore all that day our hands were ready to grip our revolvers and our eyes were on that Indian's every movement. Of course he said nothing; Indians seldom do. But nothing happened. The man forgot or forgave, or else was awed by our apparent indifference. It was my good fortune that he was not a thoroughbred, pure breed, wild red man such as Remington shows by his stories and pictures that he knows as we all ought to know our Bible.

The Long-Allen Mutual Admiration Society

THERE is a David and Jonathan friendship between Secretary Long and Assistant Secretary of the Navy Allen. Both have the clannishness of Massachusetts men, and, besides, a very unusual personal devotion. Each is happiest when praising the other and his work in the Navy Department, and consequently their official relations are ideal.

Assistant Secretary Allen is an alumnus and a trustee of Amherst College, and was the star speaker at the commencement dinner in June. As he sat by the toast-master, who was a classmate of his, the latter said, just before introducing him: "I have a surprise for you, Allen," holding up a folded paper.

"What is it?" asked Allen, who could not imagine what it was.

"I won't tell you," said his friend, but he held the paper so that Mr. Allen could see that it had the official Navy Department heading, and that mystified him more.

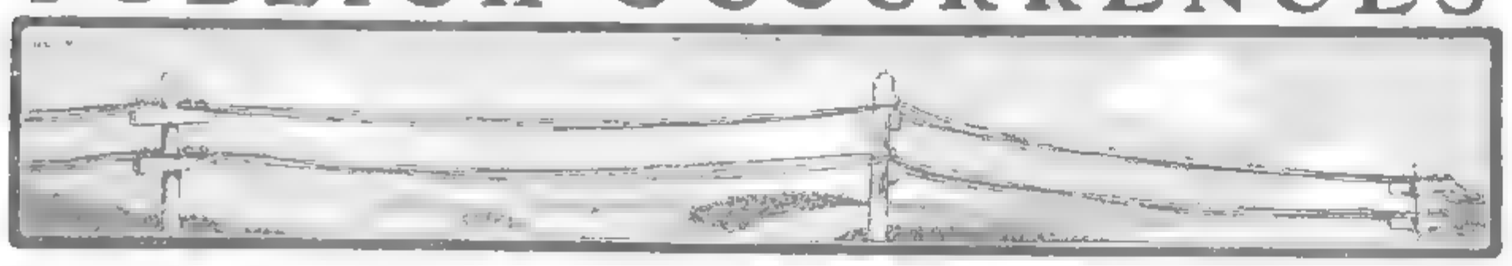
When the toast-master got up to present Mr. Allen, he read from the paper a letter from Secretary Long addressed to the Dean of the Faculty, saying that he understood Mr. Allen was to speak on that occasion, and that he felt that he must remind Mr. Allen's friends at Amherst that the college and the State honored themselves in honoring him. The Secretary wound up by saying that if he should exchange places with the Assistant Secretary, the work of the Navy Department would be as well if not better done. Altogether, the letter covered Mr. Allen with praise and his face with blushes, and it was received with great enthusiasm.

It is well understood in Washington that if Secretary Long for any reason should retire from the Cabinet he would recommend Mr. Allen as his successor, and that the President, who has always liked Mr. Allen since he served with him in Congress, and admires his work in the Navy Department as much as Secretary Long does, would undoubtedly make Mr. Allen Secretary of the Navy. As it is, Mr. Allen is a sort of ninth member of the Cabinet, constantly at the White House by the desire of the President, who consults him about all sorts of things.

Secretary Long, instead of being jealous, as most Cabinet officers would be under such circumstances, is charmed to have it so, and pushes Mr. Allen forward as much as possible, knowing what a modest man he is.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth paper in Julian Ralph's series on The Making of a Journalist. The series began in the Post of August 19, and will be continued weekly in succeeding numbers.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"



The Large Questions of a Small War

It took some time for the people of this country to realize that they were not fighting a lot of savages in the Philippines. Whatever may be the individual views or merits of the case, there is no question as to the character of the followers of Aguinaldo. Admiral Dewey has added his testimony to that of other observers. "I believe," he said, they are better fitted for self government than the Cubans. In my opinion, they are better people in every way." General Charles King has declared over his signature that they rank far higher than the Cubans, or the negroes to whom the United States has given the right of suffrage. Many of them are highly educated. They have shown that they possess large resources in getting their supplies, as well as in conducting their campaign

For months the official reports of Washington announced that the rebellion would soon be ended and that peace would be quickly restored. But after all has been said and done, the true magnitude of the task has only begun to be [illegible] is being hurried to the other side of the world is a solemn proof of the seriousness of the problem. That this country will ultimately win no one can doubt, but how long it will take to end the war no conservative person is rash enough to prophesy. There are men who say it will be half a century; there are others who believe it will only be a few months. But at any rate, the idea that the war is to be settled according to our own official program is exploded. There are always extreme people, and they naturally have sensational notions about a matter of this kind. But the vast majority of Americans seem to be of the opinion that it is a bad situation which must be handled vigorously, and that the best way is to push it to the earliest conclusion possible

The moral estimate of the case varies, of course. Burke said: "The blood of man should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man. It is well to shed it for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind. The rest is vanity; the rest is crime." The Filipinos declare that their liberty is as precious to them as ours is to us. "We will be slaves to none," said Aguinaldo in one of his recent speeches, and he added: "The doctrine of the great Monroe that America is for Americans is not forgotten. Just [illegible] that the Philippines are for Filipinos."

This again is an extreme view of the case, for there seems no disposition to take away from any one his liberty, and in many quarters there is a feeling that possibly the islands may be restored to the Filipinos when this peace is achieved and they show themselves capable of self-government. But taking the rosiest view of the case possible, this event is a long way off. In the meanwhile, therefore, there are many curiously interesting issues of this situation.

The Bearing of the War on the Election

In fact, it is hard to say just where these developments will end. The whole war has been a series of accidents, and while we speak of policies there has really been no policy that swept things to real results. The Peace Commission has been generally accounted a failure. The delay in ratifying the treaty allowed time for the insurrection to begin. The idea of settling the difficulty with a handful of troops was soon upset by events. Instead of doing this, the problem has steadily grown. If any one had said that after we had paid twenty millions of dollars to Spain for the islands we should have to expend hundreds of millions more to enforce our authority the assertion would have been ridiculed. But here are the facts: we have the war on hand, and we are spending the money as fast as the war tax can raise it. Now, what the next developments will be remains to be seen. Mr. McKinley is taking an optimistic view of the case and is shirking no part of his personal responsibility in the matter. Mr. Bryan is taking the other side of the question, but is careful to say nothing against the necessity of the Americans winning. Thus the leaders are divided. The trend of events will probably determine which of these two gentlemen will occupy the White House on and after March 4, 1901. It may be truly called a war that has developed itself and that is making things rather interesting for the politicians.

There are a great many side issues involved in the situation. A postal service for the islands is already in operation so far as it can be extended. The church question is touching politics rather more closely than Americans ordinarily like. The commerce is attracting wide attention, and American capital is preparing to profit by the opportunity. One thing that is surprising all is the unanimous testimony of the officers and men as to the healthfulness of the climate. In the midst of the summer there was in one week but six deaths from disease among thirty thousand men—certainly a remarkable tribute to the country. Thus it may be possible that in the future the Filipinos will be advertising their climate to the Americans who want to take a run around the world, and will thus get at least partly even on their hotel bills

PRESIDENT McKINLEY

Another Race Problem on Our Hands

Chickens will come home to roost. One of the things that did as much as anything else to strengthen the Philippine sentiment against the United States was the circulation of statements giving the records of this Government in its treatment of the Indians and the negroes. The Filipinos quote from our own history, and show how we had annihilated Indian tribes, and they do not spare the adjectives when describing our methods of lynching negroes and horse-thieves. It might be supposed that the literature of such a campaign would reach only a few people, but when the Americans investigated they were surprised to find out that a very large part of the population of Luzon could read. In fact, there are villages on that island where it is difficult to find a person who cannot read, and the natural effect of such reading upon the natives is evident

It has been observed that in the private letters from our soldiers now fighting in that country these natives are referred to as "niggers," and thus we have in a nutshell the causes of that bitterness which the people naturally feel toward us in Mr. McKinley's policy of "benevolent assimilation." Whatever may be the effect of the war, the race issue is bound to remain. It is a matter of history that the whites have never treated any colored race with justice. We who are supposed to enlighten the world must admit the record which we ourselves have written in our own histories. Great Britain, which makes such splendid pretensions and furnishes such magnificent results in the way of good government, has never spared gunpowder nor the lives of inferior races when her plans were opposed. Even after we conquer the Filipinos, this race issue—this race hate—will undoubtedly continue, and all the philanthropic professions of our statesmen and all the benevolent purposes of our trade interests will not remove the antagonism which seems to be as old as life itself. For more than a [illegible] the professions at Manila have been overcrowded by [illegible] natives, and it is stated in a number of articles and dispatches that the safety of life has not been materially increased by American rule. Added to the native problem is the fact that the Chinese are only three days distant, and the question of their exclusion or admission is now to be fought over again

We have only to go to Hawaii to see what the coming of an alien and superior race may mean, and we can appreciate the reply of the native Congress to the American offer of autonomous government in which the following paragraph occurred: "We could have accepted your autonomy if we had not seen by the behavior of the Americans in the beginning that they were strongly opposed to us by their race prejudices, and the high handed methods of dealing with us made us fear for the future in your hands." Finally, we have the testimony of an American officer to this effect: "The eight millions of people of the Philippines are as highly civilized as the twelve millions of Mexico."

A Big Army for the East

There are some curious contrasts in the news and comments of the time. For instance, here are two items in parallel columns: a staff officer asserts that the insurgents are weakening, qualifying it, however, with the statement that they are not demoralized, but that they run earlier in the fight than heretofore. A larger item in the next column says the Government is providing for military forces of nearly 62,000 men for service in the Philippines and that [illegible] able progress has been made by Major-General Otis upon a plan of campaign which he will inaugurate immediately upon the beginning of the dry season. It is further announced that the men will be divided into two divisions, that there will be mountain batteries and dynamite guns, and the various equipments of modern warfare. The Navy and Marine Corps are expected to cooperate in the work, and there will be a strict blockade of the Philippine forces. This is the work, and it is costing a lot of money. One hundred millions for the year, paying for all branches of the service, will probably not foot the bill. The main question now is whether these new forces will be able to conquer the unwilling Filipinos within the time specified. If they do not, the war taxes will have to be continued until they do, and even after that the expense will be enormous, for the army of occupation will have to be maintained

COLONEL WILLIAM J. BRYAN

Our War Bill Over a Million a Week

As in everything else in America, except the servant question possibly, or perhaps divorce, politics enters very largely into this problem. The political leaders are striving to make a clean cage. There is a minority who would probably like to import Aguinaldo and then take him on a lecture tour. The plain, every day people take the view that there can be no party issue while the war lasts; there can be no compromise of policy or of principle while the American flag is being fired upon. The main regret seems to be that the situation has been handled so badly. Of course Dewey set a standard which it was difficult to equal, and his admirable good sense makes the blundering of the others seem particularly small and deplorable, but that there have been failures is no longer to be doubted, and this of course increases the sense of pride which is determined to get out of the bad situation as best it possibly can. The main responsibility is to save the flag from other disasters, and to establish law and order and the authority of the nation. Pride, of course, is always costly, and we are at this moment spending over a million dollars a week to save ourselves from humiliation in this interesting matter. Some estimates place the sum at two millions a week

The War in Active Progress Again

Of course the whole country looked forward to the opinion of Admiral Dewey upon the situation, for the people had learned to trust his good judgment and to have almost implicit confidence in any conclusion that he might reach. Various interviews with him were printed, but there was really little of a substantial nature in them. He did not criticise General Otis except to say that he was trying to do too much. He said that the whole problem in the Philippines would soon be over, but he was wise enough not to name a date. He declared that the Filipinos had been so badly treated by the Spaniards that they were naturally distrustful, and that this was a difficulty that must be surmounted

The mere fact of the large preparations in this country shows that the Administration is preparing for a big task. Possibly the newspaper that speaks with most authority for the Administration is the Philadelphia Press, whose editor is the Postmaster General, although he has retired—at least, nominally—from the chair during his term as a Cabinet officer. In a recent number that paper stated: "If General Otis had not foolishly reported several months ago that he had a sufficient force the rebellion might be over by this time. That was a costly blunder on his part which will not soon be forgotten." At the same time, it must be remembered that President McKinley in his Pittsburgh speech proclaimed his responsibility for all that General Otis had done. Admiral Dewey was surprised that the conflict could have lasted so long, and the only explanation he could give was that arms and ammunition had reached the natives from outside sources. This is exactly what has occurred, and now the whole situation opens again for more troops and more prophecies

There are in the Philippines more than eighty different tribes, numbering altogether from six to eight millions of people, and according to the best information only one of those tribes is in revolt, the Tagals, which numbers about 1,500,000 persons. This is one of the points put forward—that is to say, less than one-fifth of the native Filipinos are really in revolt against the authority of the United States. Many of the other tribes have acknowledged our sovereignty, and although there are difficulties owing to the differences in language and character, they seem to be reasonably well satisfied. Many of them have their own governments under the direction of United States authorities, and some of them receive tribute for their adherence to the Stars and Stripes. The Tagals, however, continue to war, and there are fights from day to day. There is a large country to conquer before peace can be secured. There is no doubt as to the efficiency of such Generals as McArthur, Wheeler and Lawton, and they have conducted the campaign with rare vigor and success. The insurgents maintain their old tactics, firing behind trenches, and finally retiring, leaving their earthworks and their towns unprotected. The losses on the part of the Americans are comparatively small, but the insurgents seem to suffer heavily in their battles. This is due, of course, to the superior marksmanship of the Americans. It is gratifying that exchanges of prisoners have been made, and new conferences looking to peace have been held. General Otis, however, cabled to Washington that he did not believe the insurgent representatives to be sincere.

It certainly cannot be doubted that all will end well, but there are many who look upon this whole proceeding as an unhappy way of making a nation free in the latter days of the nineteenth century. But the Anglo-Saxon movement seems to be one of those inevitable things which must proceed in spite of human life and all other considerations, and having dominated a large part of the rest of the world the Anglo-Saxon has arrived in the East to stay. His authority there will undoubtedly be paramount, although it may take some time for him to fully establish himself

to a family which had emigrated from Scotland in the seventeenth century and was anxious to know whether I could give him any information on the family tree. Another had married a Scots wife, and believed he owed his prosperity to her; a third was an admirer of Sir Walter Scott, and looked forward to visiting Scotland as the ambition of his life. And one lady, full of despair as she heard the Scots claims of the people around her, came and confessed frankly: "I am not Scots, and I have no relative a Scot, and none of our family married a Scot, but my sister has a Scots nurse: will that do?" I assured her it would, and that I was glad at last to meet a genuine American, because I had come to see the American people."

A Porto Rican Editor Who Strove to Please

General James H. Wilson, U. S. V., is proving his regard for the Porto Ricans by using his influence to further the relief work which is going on in that island since the great hurricane laid it in waste. His part in the Porto Rico campaign was like a romance.

About August 4 he moved toward Coamo, up the military road through one of the most picturesque mountain districts in the world. He was advised to rush his men forward but he preferred to advance deliberately and carefully. His wisdom was demonstrated at Descalabrado Bridge, where the Spanish Army had constructed an ingenious ambush. He made a counter ambush, and the result was a defeat for the enemy.

He took many prisoners at that place, and hundreds of native volunteers, who worshiped him as only a Latin can worship a military hero, came over to his side. On August 12 Wilson and his men reached the wonderful Asbonito Pass, where the Spaniards were intrenched. There was an engagement, but it was stopped by news of peace.

During his stay in Ponce, a Porto Rican scholar and editor asked the General what two pieces of writing he particularly admired in American literature.

The General answered: "The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States."

A few days afterward the entire American colony was astonished to see the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution appear in serial form in both English and Spanish in the leading newspaper.

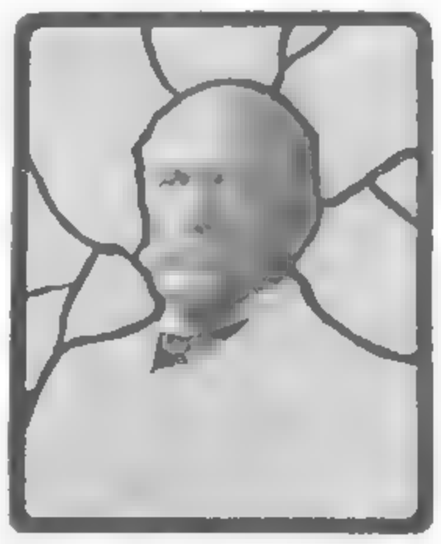


PHOTO BY PACH BROS., N. Y.

GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON

How Mr. Man Surprised the Lecturer

Albon P. Man, the inventor of incandescent lighting by the use of a carbon filament in a vacuum, is still active, strong and industrious, though well beyond the threescore and ten years' limit. He looks more like a banker than a scientist, and in the subdued light of a lecture-room appears at a distance like a young man. Not long ago he attended a lecture in Brooklyn, New York, upon the higher problems of electrical science, delivered by a professor with many titles and degrees. At the close the speaker called for comments and criticisms from the auditors.

Man, who was sitting well back in the hall, arose, and quoting a long statement from the lecture concerning a difficult process, asked if he had heard it correctly.

"With remarkable accuracy, sir," replied the lecturer. "They are almost my very words."

The inventor then clearly but cogently tore the lecturer's argument to pieces, greatly to the latter's astonishment and to the amusement of the audience. As he sat down the lecturer said:

"I can hardly reply at present. You seem to have some information on the subject."

"Yes," replied Mr. Man; "I discovered the process myself nearly thirty years ago."

A Romance that Came True

Ensign "Joe" Powell, who followed after Hobson in a steam launch on the night the latter blew up the Merrimac in the narrows of Santiago harbor, was married recently at Oswego, New York, to Miss Bertha Allen Osterhout. Both were born and reared in Oswego, but pretty much all Northern New York took an interest in the event.

Some months ago one of the New York Sunday papers printed a story about Ensign Powell being nursed back to life by Miss Osterhout in one of the military hospitals after the Santiago campaign, and founded the romance on this experience. This tale gave just and serious offense to the many friends of both parties, because it was untrue and grossly irreconcilable with the character of either the Ensign or his bride.

They were children together, and just belonged, like Dick and Maisie in Kipling's story. At least, that is all the world knows about their romance, or is likely ever to know, for neither party has any sympathy with grandstand plays. Indeed, Powell's modesty is his strongest weakness. He has refused several offers from magazines to write the story of his experiences on the night the Merrimac was sunk.

happen. There is one town in the United States where the express trains run down the main street, and you lecture there to an accompaniment of engine bells and the blowing off of steam. When the music rises too high for the human voice, the lecturer in that town ought to abandon the contest and offer between the whistles a few remarks on the legislative power of American railways. These remarks will be vastly enjoyed by the audience and will put them in good humor for the rest of the lecture. Behind the platform of one large hall is the lift of the next building, which is used at regular intervals of a minute, and this also is a new experience to have your sentences punctuated by the whoop of the unseen lift till at last you can.

The only authentic story yet published of that daring performance—more daring, some naval men have said, than Hobson's own—was incomplete, and it was wrung from the Ensign almost without his consent, certainly without any encouragement from him.

Ensign Powell belongs to the construction corps, having graduated number three in his class at Annapolis in 1898. He volunteered for the line when the war broke out, but has now gone back to his own department. Thus he will be able to spend his honeymoon in Glasgow, having been detailed for construction work on the Clyde for six months.

One of the open secrets of the Navy is that England and France, just before the war, withdrew from American naval graduates the ancient privilege of studying at their shipyards, for the reason that the Yankee boys had got into the habit of winning all the prizes. Lately, in pursuance of her friendly policy toward Uncle Sam, England has restored the courtesy, and Ensign Powell is one of the first Americans to profit by this freak of international comity.

A Woman Who Designs Monuments

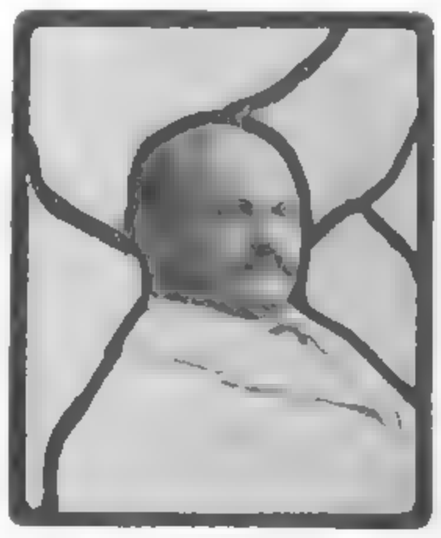
Miss Virginia Montgomery is one of the few women whose names are inscribed on monuments as designers. When the Daughters of the Confederacy of San Antonio, Texas, decided to honor the memory of their heroes of the Civil War, Miss Montgomery submitted a design and it was accepted. The monument is now being erected and will be unveiled next year.

Miss Montgomery is a resident of New Orleans. She was born in Mobile, Alabama, but was reared at the family country home twelve miles from that city. Through her mother she is of Virginian and South Carolinian [illegible]. Through her father, the late John A. Montgomery, of Washington, D. C., she is a kinswoman of the hero, Richard Montgomery. Through her father, also, she bears relationship to Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Miss Montgomery began to develop her artistic talent when very young. She is well educated and she has enjoyed the benefits of travel. Her studio in New Orleans has many pupils and is a centre of much artistic interest. Personally, Miss Montgomery is described as tall and slender, with dark hair that curls irrepressibly, and fair complexion, and eyes that are large, brown and luminous. She has a great capacity for work and a rich fund of humor.

Doctor Peters as a Poaching Lecturer

An interesting example of early effort is afforded by the career of the Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters, pastor of the Bloomingdale Reformed Church, of New York City, who has lately attained prominence in the world of letters by a unique history of the Jewish race. The author told the story to some friends a few evenings ago.



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REV. MADISON C. PETERS

"I was born in Lehigh County, Pennsylvania," said he, "and at fourteen I left home to obtain an education, all my worldly possessions being one dollar and fifty cents and an old fashioned carpet bag.

"I finished my theological education at Heidelberg University, Tiffin, Ohio. At Heidelberg there was a curious practice whereby poor young students raised the money for their support and education. It was, to quote the queer college expression, 'to lecture for what they could.' This in plain English means to [illegible] preach and pass the hat. Some districts were generous and some were very poor. There were one or two where the collection was seldom more than a dollar. I soon found that the district near Tiffin was overcultivated, if I may use the term, and so went further and made a lecture route through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

"Without knowing it, I poached upon the preserves of the faculty, and more especially of one of its chief officers. One day I spoke in the same neighborhood and practically in the same block as the official. I drew nearly all the lecture-going residents, and he had a mere handful of auditors. I don't believe that he had enough money to pay his fare back to the college. When the matter was brought up before the faculty, they determined that I was too presumptuous and required a moral lesson. They agreed to withhold my diploma, which would throw my graduation over to the next college year. I think I would have been crushed by the blow but for the fact that a wealthy Presbyterian Church in Indiana, which had taken a fancy to my work, called me to fill the pulpit. At the close of my term I went back to the college, but in far different condition from what I was in when I left. I now was well dressed, and had what seemed to me a large amount of money. I expected to be received with some degree of coldness, but I was welcomed with open arms. The very officer upon whose territory I had trespassed was the most enthusiastic in my praise."

How Julia Marlowe Saved Some Thrilling Lines

The appearance this fall of Miss Julia Marlowe as the heroine in the dramatization of Mr. Charles Major's novel When Knighthood was in Flower, brings prominently to notice the admirable work done by this painstaking actress in the past. Miss Marlowe actually "puts her life into another's life." An illustration of this took place during the first rehearsals of For Bonnie Prince Charlie.

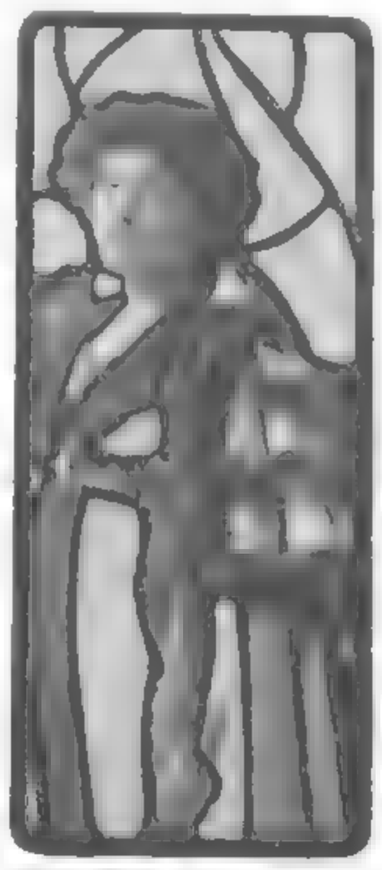
Mr. J. I. C. Clarke, the author of the English revision, attended these rehearsals, which were held in Buffalo, and on one occasion he found fault with the way one of the male characters spoke the appeal to the Highland men in the first act, which runs:

"Where is the heart of Clanmorris, the heart that was dauntless and leal? On [illegible] the land I [illegible] the day, [illegible] ever were seen? We fought under Bruce and we won [illegible] race. We hunger [illegible] thirsted, we struggled and died, and never [illegible] cry from your lips [illegible] the cry of the clan [illegible] out for the day [illegible] your King."

"We'll have to cut that out," Mr. Clarke exclaimed in desperation. "It sounds singsong as he reads it.

"Oh, don't cut it out, I like that passage very, very much," interposed Miss Marlowe. "Give the lines to me."

Without waiting for permission, she declaimed the lines with such feeling and force that even the cast was affected. On the opening night and until the season ended these lines remained in the play, and Miss Marlowe made them one of her most telling successes.



JULIA MARLOWE

"In another scene," according to Mr. Clarke, "the heroine shed real tears—not stage ones—and she went to one of the early rehearsals with a dainty lace handkerchief, prepared to weep. Remember, she was playing the rôle of a Scotch girl and she was poorly dressed. The handkerchief was an incongruity, and I objected to its use.

'I haven't anything else to wipe my eyes on,' pleaded the actress, 'except this old shawl.'

'Use that,' I replied.

She did so, and this touch of naturalism made one of the most pathetic incidents in the play.

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

An Endless Subject.—One of the leaders of the Greenacre Chautauqua in Maine is Dr. Lewis N. James, a scholar who beneath a quiet exterior veils considerable humor. At the recent summer session of that famous institution there were lecturers numberless from all over the world. Meeting a friend, the Doctor asked him how he was enjoying himself.

"Finely, up to yesterday, when I heard Professor X."

"Didn't he lecture well?"

"Not at all. He simply told us what he didn't know."

"Is he still talking?" queried the Doctor as he walked away.

A Diplomatic Drummer.—Assistant-Secretary of State Thomas W. Cridler in the discharge of his diplomatic duties has crossed the ocean probably more times than any other official in that branch of the National Government. On one voyage he made the acquaintance of a traveling salesman whose companionability was marred by curiosity.

"Traveling on business like myself, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"What line of goods?"

"Papers."

"Wall, writing or printing?"

"Papers for cabinets."

"Humph, I thought cabinet-makers used only wood, steel and brass!"

"Most of them do," and the diplomat began to speak of other things.

FROM THE CURRENCES' B

THERE are four places where a man may lecture, exclusive of the open air, which is reserved for politica. demonstrations and religious meetings, and I arrange the four in order of demerit The worst is, beyond question, a church, because ecclestastical architects have no regard for acoustics, and a lecturer is apt to crack his voice yelling into the corners of churches

People come to a church, also, in a chastened mood, and as if they were listening to a sermon so that the unhappy lecturer receives little encouragement of applause or laughter, and, if he happen to be himself a clergyman, is hindered from doing anything to enliven the audience Besides, the minister of the church will feel it his duty to introduce the leading members of his congregation after the lecture, and a reception of this kind in the vestry is the last straw on a weary lecturer's back. He cannot, however, refuse, because he is a fellow-professional, and knows that his discourtesy may be set to the debit of the minister

—the long array of toilet instruments on the table

Next in badness is a public hall, because it is so bare and cheerless and, on account of its size, is difficult to fill with an audience, and still more difficult with the voice. Drill halls, especially, are heart-breaking places, because they are constructed for the voices of commanding officers shouting "right wheel," "march," and such martial exhortations

HALL PLATFORMS AS POINTS OF ATTACK

There is also another objection to halls from the lecturer's standpoint, and that is the accessibility of the platform. Usually there are two sets of steps, which the audience consider have been constructed in order that they may come on the platform in a body and shake hands with the lecturer If a lecturer be a human being he is always glad to see two or three of his fellow-creatures, especially if they say something encouraging, but, just because he is a human being and has spoken for an hour and a half, he is apt to lose heart when he sees half of his large audience, say seven hundred people, processioning in his direction. It is on such an occasion that he is full of gratitude to a manager who will come in with his traveling coat and march the lecturer out at the back door, as a man in haste to catch his train, or on any other pretense. May I here record my conviction that for managing the public, and for securing good audiences, and looking after the comfort of his charge, and getting the last grain of work out of a lecturer with the least possible outlay of strength, I can hear of *none to be compared with a certain* Major J. B. Pond, whose name is not unknown to the public from New York to San Francisco?

A lecturer may count himself fortunate and need have no anxiety about circumstances who speaks from the stage of a theatre, because he will have his whole audience within convenient compass and focused upon him, and although he comes down to a whisper he will still be heard When you lecture at a theatre you are known as the "star," and as you cross the dark and mysterious underworld behind the s[illegible] some one crying, "This way to the star's room," which generally turns out to be the room of the leading actress, where you may spend a quarter of an hour in seeing yourself in the innumerable mirrors and examining the long array of toilet instruments on the table

—sat in the front and smiled encouragement

Theatrical people are most sympathetic and good-natured, and, although they may not have the faintest idea who you are or what you are going to do, they always wish you well and congratulate you if there is a good house. Their own house may not have been good last night, but they are glad if yours is good to-day. The crowning advantage of a theatre to a nervous and hard wrought lecturer is its seclusion. You get in and out by the stage door, and there is not one person in a hundred of your audience who could find that door, and if he did he would not get admittance. From the floor to the stage there is no way, and when you pass behind the curtain you are beyond reach even of an interviewer.

DOCTOR WATSON'S ADVICE TO MANAGERS

When I become an impresario I shall never allow my "star" to be seen except on the platform, and after he has done his work I will remove him swiftly in a closed conveyance. In this way I shall lay him under a debt of gratitude, and keep him in good humor, and get out of him a third more work. As I have no idea of entering on this business at present, I offer the hint to all impresarios everywhere, with my respectful compliments

If a lecturer could always choose—which practically he never can do at all—he would prefer to lecture to a club of [illegible] dinner table and make his point easily; he can venture on [illegible]ide, or stop to tell an anecdote, and after an hour or so [illegible]e will be as little fatigued as when he began. When the lecture is over he mixes with his audience and in a minute is a private individual This is the very refinement and luxury of lecturing, which a lecturer enjoys only on rare occasions.

Local arrangements differ very much, and some of them are rather trying to a lecturer. There are places where a regular procession is formed and marches to the pat[illegible] headed by a local dignitary, and made up of clergymen, magistrates, little millionaires, and public characters of all kinds and degrees. In the midst thereof the lecturer marches like a criminal being taken to the scaffold

AN EMBARRASSING CEREMONY AVOIDED

Once I discovered in the anteroom a magnificent embroidered robe, and the insane idea took possession of my mind that it was intended for the lecturer. Had it been put upon me there would have been no lecture, for I should have been smothered with its greatness and its grandeur I was still regarding it with horror and perspiring freely when the Chief Magistrate of the city came in, and it was put on his shoulders by two liveried servants, who then decorated us all, from the Chief Magistrate down to myself, with flowers The servants marched first into the hall, the great man followed, and I crept, following behind his majestic figure (which was received with frantic howls of applause), and this was the grandest entry I ever made upon the lecture platform.

The Chairman fell fast asleep

In some places there is a Chairman. I shall have something to say about Chairmen and votes of thanks, first to the lecturer, then to the Chairman and to other people who have had some connection or other with the matter, till a third of the time is taken up by local talk and the lecturer is put to confusion. For votes of thanks I have personally an intense dislike, because the movers refer to one in terms which might suitably apply to William Shakespeare (one enthusiastic admirer preferred me to Shakespeare, because, although he classed us together as occupying a solitary position, I had the advantage of being more sentimental). As a lecturer on Scots subjects I have a horror of other speakers, because they feel it necessary to tell Scots stories without knowing the dialect, and generally without knowing the story.

Certain places are very businesslike in their arrangemet - and the smartest in this respect is, curious to say, not in America, but in England. You are brought to the place of operation five minutes before the hour, and at two minutes to eight placed upon the platform. When the hand of the clock points to eight you begin to speak, and when the hand stands at nine you close. If you are one minute late in beginning, the audience grows restless, and if you are five minutes late in closing, they leave. There are no preliminaries and no after-talk, and you do your best with one of the most intelligent audiences any lecturer could address in sixty minutes.

The most risky audience in my experience is afforded by the free lectures given in an English city, which is made up by men who have dropped in from the streets because the hall is open and because something is going on. If they are interested they will listen eagerly and reward the lecturer with enthusiastic applause, besides giving an irreverent cheer occasionally for Old Ireland or Lord Roberts. [illegible] without any regard for the lecturer's feelings or the disturbance of their neighbors

HOW THE COLLEGE GIRLS AFFECTED DOCTOR WATSON

The most sympathetic and encouraging audience a man can have are the students of a ladies' college, because if you are nervous, as an Englishman is bound to be before three hundred bright American young women, they will catch his first point, and they will smile upon him and show that they believe there is something in him if he could only get it out, and create such a kindly atmosphere that he will rise to his height and do his best. This was how the students of a delightful college not very far from Philadelphia treated myself when I was almost ready to sink through the floor from sheer terror of facing so many young women, being a sisterless and daughterless man, and I wish to thank one young lady who sat in the front and smiled encouragement upon me until I lifted up my head and took heart.

I have never utterly collapsed, and have never fled from the platform, but I was reduced to confusion and incoherence of speech when I opened a clubhouse for a company of women students at a certain American university, and my whole audience suddenly flopped down upon the floor as I began my little speech. As the floor had a beautiful carpet and there were no chairs, the young ladies no doubt did well for themselves, but as I looked down upon that fair flower whether these new forces will be able to conquer the unwilling Filipinos within the time specified. If they do not, the war taxes will have to be continued until they do, and even after that the expense will be enormous, for the army of occupation will have to be maintained

Our War Bill Over a Million a Week

As in everything else in America, except the servant question, possibly, or perhaps divorce, politics enters very largely into this problem. The political leaders are striving to make a cleavage. There is a minority who would probably like to import Aguinaldo and then take him on a lecture not know that an Englishman is the most bashful creature on the face of the earth, and that he would rather face an audience of two thousand men from the streets than address twenty young women, every one as sharp as a needle and as pretty as a flower

THE ADORING CHAIRMAN WHO FELL ASLEEP

My experience of Chairmen is wide and varied, and I have lectured under the presidency of some very distinguished and able men, but on the whole I would rather be without a Chairman. There was one who introduced me in a single sentence of five minutes' length, in which he stated that as he would treasure every word I said more than pure gold he did not wish to curtail my time by a single minute. He then fell fast asleep, and I had the honor of wakening him at the close of the lecture. Had he slept anywhere else I should not have had the smallest objection, but his restful attitude in the high estate of the chair had an unedifying and discomposing effect on the audience. On the whole, I preferred that Chairman to another who introduced me to the extent of twenty-five minutes, and occupied the time in commending to the exasperated audience the claims of a foundling asylum with which he had some charitable connection. This time it was the lecturer who fell asleep and had to be wakened when the audience drove the Chairman to his seat

A lecturer is also much refreshed amid his labor by the assurance of the Chairman that he has simply lived upon his books for years, and has been looking forward to this evening for the last three months with high expectation, when, after these flattering remarks, he does not know your name, and can only put it before the audience after a hurried consultation with the secretary of the lecture course

THE KAILYARD FRATERNITY ROLLED INTO ONE

My memory returns also with delight to a Chairman who insisted that one object had brought them together, and that I was no stranger in that town because the whole audience before him were my friends, and then having called me Doctor Maclaren and Ian Watson, besides having hinted more than once at Mr. Barrie, introduced me to a hilarious audience as Mr. Ian John Maclaren Watson. It is of course my gain, and the loss of two more distinguished fellow-countrymen, that I should be hopelessly associated in the minds of many people with Mr. Crockett and Mr. Barrie. But when one speaker declared that I would be remembered by grateful posterity as the Stickit Minister, I was inclined to protest, for whatever have been my defects as a preacher, I still have succeeded in obtaining a church, and when another speaker explained he had gone three times to see my Little Minister, I felt obliged to deny myself the authorship of that delightful play

Allusions on the part of the audience, when they shook hands with me afterward, I allowed to pass because there was not time to put things right; merely smiling at the mention of A Window in Thrums, and looking modest at the adjectives heaped upon The Raiders. My cynical humor was greatly tickled with the Chairman who had been very cordial with me in private and was understood by the public to have been closely identified with my visit to his city, who not only left the stage after he had introduced me, but who also immediately left the theatre and cheerfully betook himself to his office without hearing one word of the lecture. Perhaps he had discovered from some casual re[illegible] of mine that I was not Mr. Barrie, and was at a loss to make out who I could be

I was escorted to the platform by a band of plaided warriors

With Mayors and other public functionaries who have to speak six times a day on six different subjects, and who get a little confused as to which meeting they are attending, I have the utmost sympathy, and never have been discomposed by any reference to the management of hospitals or the fallacy of bimetallism, even though the references were very indifferently connected with the lecturer and his subjects.

EXPERIENCES WITH AMERICAN ADMIRERS

The labor of shaking hands afterward with a considerable proportion of your audience was not only lightened by their kindness, but also much cheered by their conve[illegible]n After a few evenings I arrived at the rooted conv[illegible] the majority of the American people belonged to the Scots race, and that America was the real Scotland. It was not only that native-born Scots came forward to welcome a fellow-countryman with an accent which was beyond all dispute and could be heard six yards off, and with allusion to Auchterarder which warmed your heart, but that every person seemed to be connected with Scotland One belonged

to a family which had emigrated from Scotland in the seventeenth century and was anxious to know whether I could give him any information on the family tree. Another had married a Scots wife, and believed he owed his prosperity to her, a third was an admirer of Sir Walter Scott and looked forward to visiting Scotland as the ambition of his life. And one lady, full of despair as she heard the Scots claims of the people around her, came and confessed frankly "I am not Scots, and I have no relative a Scot, and none of our family married a Scot, but my sister has a Scots nurse will that do?" I assured her it would, and that I was glad at last to meet a genuine American, because I had come to see the American people.

I have a vivid recollection of one place where a man had turned out to receive me, and I was escorted to the platform by a band of plaided warriors, who marched me in, headed by a piper, and ranged themselves around me on the platform. When the lecture was over one clansman met me in the anteroom, and I hardly recognized him; he was about three inches taller and six inches bigger around the chest than before the lecture, and was as a man intoxicated, though not with strong drink. "Mr. Maclaren," he said to me, "eh, but we are a michty people," and he slapped his chest vigorously. I hinted that we had one or two faults to modify our perfection, but he was not in a mood for such consideration. "No worth mentioning," he said, and departed in glory. The national prayer of our people is understood to be, "Lord, give us a good conceit of ourselves," and this prayer in my compatriot's case had been wonderfully fulfilled.

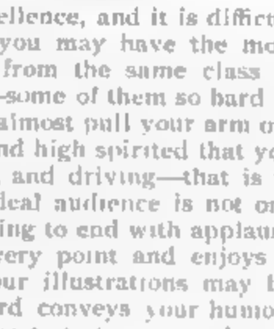
A snoring stage-hand

TESTING THE HUMOR OF AN AUDIENCE

Audiences vary very much in excellence, and it is difficult to understand the reason, because you may have the most delightful and the most difficult from the same class of people. Audiences are like horses—some of them so hard in the mouth and spiritless that they almost pull your arm out of the socket, and others so bright and high spirited that you hardly feel the reins in your hands, and driving—that is to say, speaking—is a delight. The ideal audience is not one which accompanies you from beginning to end with applause and laughter, but one that takes every point and enjoys it with intelligent reserve so that your illustrations may be condensed into allusions and a word conveys your humor. One of my pleasures as a lecturer was to test every audience by a certain passage which divided the sheep from the goats, and I think my enjoyment was even greater when they were all goats.

It came into a reading from the Brier-Bush where the word "intoxication" occurs. My custom is to stop and apologize for the appearance of such a word in my book, and to explain that the word is not known in Scots speech. There are, I used to say, two reasons why a Scotsman does not employ the word. The first is that he is imperfectly acquainted with the painful circumstances to which this word is supposed to allude, and the second, that a Scotsman considers that no one with a limited human intellect can know enough about the conditions of his fellow creatures to make such a statement.

When an audience took in the situation at once, then one could rest for a moment, since they require that time to appreciate the rigid temperance and conscientious literary accuracy of the Scotch people. When they took the statement in perfect seriousness, and one or two solemn reformers nodded their heads in high approval, then I wanted to go behind the curtain and shake hands with myself. More than once it was with difficulty I could continue in face of this unbroken seriousness, and once I broke down utterly, although I hope the audience only supposed I was laughing at some poor humor of my own.



Six great men, at least, combined to get that dog out of the theatre

THE FATE OF A JOKE IN DISGUISE

The cause of my collapse was not the faces of the audience, but the conduct of a brother Scot, whose head went down below the seat as he learned the two reasons why the word intoxicated is not used in Scotland. When he emerged from the depths he cast a glance of delight in my direction as to one who was true in all circumstances of his nation, and then he was composing himself to listen with fresh confidence to a lecturer who had given such pledges of patriotism, when he caught sight of the faces of the audience. As it dawned upon him that the audience had taken the statement literally, he was again obliged to go into retirement. Twice he made a brave effort to regain possession of himself, but as often the sight of the audience shook him to his foundation; at last he rose and left the theatre, but at the door he lingered to take one look at the unconscious audience, and then shaking his head in my direction with patriotic joy, he departed from the building, and I was obliged to imagine an execution in order to continue my lecture.

The lecturer's nerves ought to be made of wire, for he never knows what may happen. There is one town in the United States where the express trains run down the main street, and you lecture there to an accompaniment of engine bells and the blowing-off of steam. When the music rises too high for the human voice, the lecturer in that town ought to abandon the contest and offer between the whistles a few remarks on the legislative power of American railways. These remarks will be vastly enjoyed by the audience and will put them in good humor for the rest of the lecture. Behind the platform of one large hall is the lift of the next building, which is used at regular intervals of a minute, and this also is a new experience to have your sentences punctuated by the whoop of the unseen lift till at last you can calculate the time and know that you have spoken ninety whoops and it is nearly time to stop.

THE SNORING STAGE-HAND AND THE UNRULY DOG

One night I was arrested by the sound of steady snoring which could be heard over the larger part of the theatre, but although every one was in search for the offender he could not be found. At last the sound was traced to the stage, and as there was no one on the stage except myself, to be behind the curtain. One of the servants of the theatre had laid himself down there in order to enjoy the lecture, and that had proved of such a solid and serious character that he had fallen into a fit of meditation from which he was very rudely awakened. One evening in a Canadian town a fox terrier came in, presumably without a ticket, and owing to some difference of opinion with a gentleman in the stalls the terrier expressed himself in public. As there was to be a dog story in the lecture, I thought it well to explain that the terrier had been engaged to take part, but that, being quite young in the business, had broken in too soon. For a while the dog behaved with much propriety, and then there was a second outbreak worse than the first. Six gentlemen, at least, combined to get that dog out of the theatre, and they succeeded, but not without difficulty and danger. The terrier retired fighting.

It is no use being angry or taking the pet whatever may happen, for if the first duty of a lecturer is to make himself heard, the next is to keep his temper. If an audience be heavy he must put life in them, and if they be few in number he must give them the better lecture.

The platform does many good things for a lecturer. For one thing, it strengthens his voice and teaches him to speak clearly; it brings him into contact with large bodies of his fellow-men, and inspires him with humanity. Upon the platform he learns to command himself, and to face emergencies, to take disappointments like a man, and not to be jubilant over success; and, above all, he gains a new conviction of the kindness and good will of large bodies of people whom he has never seen before and may never see again, but who have treated him as a friend, and of whom he will ever think with a grateful and warm heart.

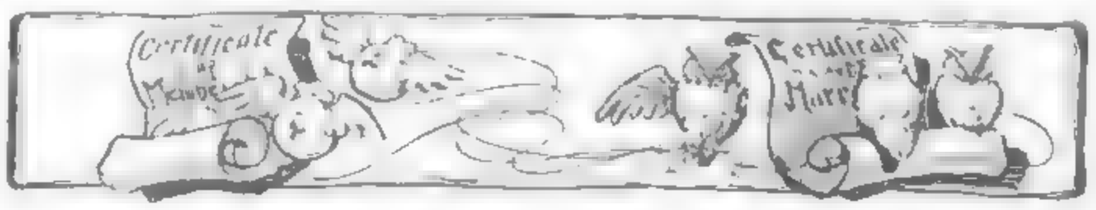
THE ANCIENT SEMINARY MAID

By Margherita Arlina Hamm

DEAR grandma says that long ago,
When she was but a little lass,
A seminary, *comme il faut*,
Received her in its lowest class.
She learned to curtsy, smile and pout,
To paint, embroider and crochet,
To read such books as were devout
And sing in true Italian way.

Her little shoes had paper soles;
She learned to cultivate a cough;
And in her favorite books and rôles
Consumption took the lady off.
She never exercised for fear
'Twould tinge her cheeks a vulgar red;
But made a hectic flush appear
By going supperless to bed.

She laughs at "'ologies" and art,
And sneers at maids of brawn and brains;
She says they spoil a woman's heart,
And frighten eligible swains.
She made a helpful wife and true
To grandpa, through both weal and woe;
But then, as I am told, he knew
No more than she did long ago.



IRISH WIT OF TO-DAY

By Seumas MacManus

JOHNNIE McCUE possesses that peculiar face yclept *hatchet*. "So," I say John, *shacky?* Me father bid me ax ye if he could have the loan of yer face, the first good day, to cut fir."

Even if Micky McCollion's face were noticeably protracted it was as untruthful as it was cruel for Owney *Killduff* to remark, "Well, good luck to ye, Micky McCollion—ye'll never need to send word afore ye when ye're goin' coortin', for yer toes'll always let them know ye're comin afther."

Even the girls and the girls' bare feet are not exempt from criticism. Flat feet and large feet are particularly inspiring to the dance house jokists. "Eh! there's a pair of undherstandin's, boys! Nellie, would ye mind givin' me father a day walkin' over our corn groun'? It'll be suddent daith to all livin' craitures, then, Nellie, *asthore*."

Of one remarkably flat footed girl I heard Long Parra Brinnan say, "The hollow of her foot would make a hole in the groun'." Don't flatter yourself, reader, that you have found me confess to a bull, that is only a Parra dox.

Though Charlie McGinley was a particularly dirty walker, particularly and extraordinarily muddy must have been that Sunday night on which, after tramping six miles from courting his girl, Jamie Managhan assured the neighbors that "you could sow praties on the tail of his coat."

I do not know if you can conceive the pitiable lack of muscle in Henry Harkin, of Cruckbrack, of whom Red Morris McLaughlin said contemptuously, "His sledge hammer sthroke wouldn't br'ak the crame on a milk pan." I do believe it was the same Red Morris who once got a fright that "shuk the nails on his toes."

THE JEST OF THE RAIN-SOAKED NAVVY

Two navvies, ill-clad, dirt-covered, rain-soaked, got possession of a heavenly nook between two high stone walls while an extra-heavy sleet shower prevailed. They had "hunkered" low, and were watching the smoke wreaths mount from their pipes. "I'm toul'," said one of them, breaking a reverie, "I'm toul'. Jamie, that the King of Jarmuny niver smokes." Both regarded the wreaths again for a minute in silence. "Poor man! I wouldn't like to be him, Larry—would you?"

Betty Haran, of Thrummon, was a very pious old Methodist. Father Dan often dropped into Betty's for a gossip. "Betty," said Father Dan, "I always find you stuck in your Bible. Now, tell me truly, do you understand it all?" "Of course I do," indignantly. "Well, well! I've been studying it all my life, and I don't understand it all yet." "An' if yer reverence is a blockhead, do ye think every wan else like yerself?"

THE CHOICE OF THE RED BEGGARMAN

In times gone, in Ireland, the Protestant minister collected tithes in the Harvest, while the Catholic priest got in his stipends at Christmas. Father Edward and the Rev. Sandy Montgomery were one day riding together, in their usual friendly way, through Inver, and bantering each other about their callings. "Here's the *Bacach Ruadh*," said Father Edward; "let us have his opinion." The *Bacach Ruadh* (or Red Beggarman) was an arrant knave, too clever to work whilst he could live upon the fat of the land without. "Jamie," said Father Edward to him, "if you had a son, would you sooner make a priest or a minister of him?" "If I had a son, yer reverences, I should have him a ministher in the Harvest an' a priest at Chrissmas."

THE WIT OF A MOUNTAIN DANCE-HOUSE

To the traveler in obscure corners of the world a flash of wit, like a streak of lightning in the night, often discovers an Irishman.

The biting wit that is bandied across the floor of a mountain dance-house is enjoyable. There are a few villains in each townland who, attending all dances, sit in corners all the night exercising the tongue in preference to the toes. "Jamie *Mor*," one of these fellows inquires of a young man on the floor who has a remarkably sparse mustache, "would ye lend me the loan of that mustache to go coortin'?" "Faith, an' he wouldn't," another of the scoundrels replies across the floor, "ye mightn't fetch it all back till him again." "Throth, an' I will bring it safe back—let him count it."

And again—"Who did I hear sayin' Neil Dunnion wasn't musical—an' *that* ear on him?"

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The Responsibility of France

FRANCE, having failed to convict Dreyfus, has pardoned him. But who will pardon France? To say, as has been carelessly said, that the Dreyfus wrong is unique in history, is not true. The records of mankind contain many wrongs of equal magnitude. What we have to say is that it is unique chronologically. It is out of place in its time. Everything has progressed beyond such a possibility. The race itself has moved on, and in moving on has come so close together that it is difficult for a great national wrong to come in between without a world-wide protest. Public opinion has outgrown geographical limits, and France is in danger of lagging behind it

Two or three hundred years ago such an iniquity as this Dreyfus affair might have been buried from publicity by imperial decree. Take, for example, the case of Anne Boleyn. Froude, long after he had written his history, said: "In studying the time of Henry VIII, I had been very uncertain what to think of the trial and execution of that lady. The story of her offenses was on the face of it monstrous, and the King's marriage, following instantly on her execution, was strange and suspicious. On the other hand, it was hard to believe that Commissioners of Inquiry, Judges, Juries, Privy Council, and finally Parliament, could have been the accomplices of a wanton crime."

It was not until Froude got access to the archives at Vienna, and came upon the dispatches of the imperial Ambassador at the Tudor court, that he unearthed the official secrets, and wrote to Carlyle: "With all this mass of personal and political intrigue before me, it now seems possible that the poor lady may have been innocent"; and Carlyle replies: "I am inclined to believe that all those abominations, so charged, were lies upon an innocent woman." But the stupendous injustice was hidden away for centuries.

We ought to perk ourselves a little, seeing that such an infamy of suppression is no longer possible. The whole atmosphere of humanity has become a whispering gallery. A wrong inflicted by power upon one insignificant person reaches the antipodes with an electric shock. Australia protests, and Alaska sets her teeth. We feel the whole world wince. The human race seems to hurl back in the shape of a prodigious irony France's own phrase, so often idly uttered, and now forged into a living fact: "Liberty, equality, fraternity." This terrible reflex wave of reproach shall not break upon the shores of France idly if it wash away some of the intellectual vanity which, even in the mouth of so illustrious a man as Victor Hugo, made Paris the irresponsible centre of the universe. The new light that painfully comes to her may bring the lesson that France, too, is answerable to man, as well as to God. —A. C. WHEELER.

Possibly your enemy has some virtues which you need.

The Hysterical Citizen

STOLIDITY is greatly prized by a class of people who, having been told that self-restraint is the highest exponent of good breeding, imagine that expressionless indifference amounts to the same thing. The dread of overstatement, undue attention, the least surprise, or any deep feeling, easily passes on into a sort of stupidity sometimes called high reserve. It is, indeed, but the shifting of a light that changes the immobile countenance of the well-trained butler into the sphinxlike mask of a would-be wisely reticent rural Congressman. Nor can any fixed rule of observation insure a ready distinction by mere eyesight between the intellectual standing of a calm, self-possessed dining-room girl and a marble-mannered lady from a distant country. The colored porter in a sleeping car knows as well what to see and what to pass by with effaced vision as any lord of us all

On the other hand, the habit of "sweating great beads of feeling" in sympathy with every passing phase of things belongs distinctly to people who are underbred, no matter what their surroundings and opportunities may have been From the country youth entering his first ballroom and moping his features in a heat of embarrassment to the "wild and woolly" Senator choking through his maiden speech on finance in the Upper House there is not half a step. Both men stand for the low-water mark of efficiency, as does also the housewife whose face flames red when at her little dinner party the soup dish careens disastrously. Blessed is the human being born with a level head and well-braced nerve-centres

What we indefinitely call good citizenship rests upon individual character in each case; and the stability of temper which insures against sudden and distant leaps to extremes of sentiment, passion or opinion counts as a large element of such character. From the citizen to the official is in our political life a mere formal transition without actual change. The hysterical citizen becomes a hysterical law-maker, judge or executive. This susceptibility to violent disturbance of equilibrium is to be dreaded in a republic where stability of government depends upon stability of faith in the citizen.

Turn in any direction and you will find the sign of danger clearly exposed wherever the excitable and emotional citizen makes himself a sort of storm-centre. Faith is but another name for patriotism. The most valuable citizen is he who counts upon the integrity, the wisdom and the moral rectitude of his country. He takes stock of the good precedents in national history, and reckons the future from them rather than from the evil things that have been done.

We are now apparently on the verge of a new era in world history from which our national life is sure to receive the surprises of suddenly opened vistas and wide disclosures of potential achievement. At such a moment the hysterical citizen is at a disadvantage. He sees either romantic absurdities of glory, or vulgar and sickening cataclysms, and can forecast nothing besides. Sane and practical imaginations grasp at once the true meaning of all this dazzling explosion at the great century's end. The good citizen does not shut his eyes and scream; he does not wildly predict the end of the republic; to him the omens are encouraging, but not good cause for frenzy; and so he calmly counts the gain to his country and the world. He is the man, moreover, who will profit by whatever arrives at the end. While the hysterical citizen exhausts himself without realizing any stable advantage, the man who refuses to be unduly excited gathers all the good incident to progress. —MAURICE THOMPSON.

Ability without energy is the engine without steam.

The Stay-at-Home Millions

THE American vacation period, which used to be restricted to the heated season, has, by common consent and with the joyous approval of the railway companies and the keepers of all sorts of hostelries, been extended far into the autumn; so thousands of people who can afford to spend some weeks or months away from home are still roaming about their own country or Europe. Many who have already returned are looked upon with envious eyes that are also imaginative, yet it is difficult for the practiced observer to see that the members of the vacation class look happier or healthier than their neighbors who have remained at home, or that they are better fitted to take part in the battle of life than the millions who have not been out of the thick of the conflict. There are many people who have enough sense and self control in their weeks or months of leisure to distinguish between recreation and dissipation, but their number is comparatively small when estimated by the manner of most of the respectable idlers at summer resorts and on long tours, for among the world's machinery the human engine is the quickest to deteriorate by disuse or irregular use.

The stay-at-home millions look quite as strong, capable and cheerful as the thousands whom they have been envying for months. They may have been fully as desirous of change and diversion as were the people who dropped work and care for a time; still more, they have found what they wanted — not so much, perhaps, as they longed for, but enough, apparently, for practical purposes, for a little variety can work wonders in a tired mind or body. The railway brakemen and the drivers of the country coaches—men who work almost unceasingly when they are not eating or sleeping—have stronger muscles and lungs and hearts than the thousands of young men whom they have transported one way or other in search of exercise. The women who have worked in the kitchens and dining-rooms of the country hotels and boarding-houses have eyes as bright and complexions as good as their city sisters who have lounged on piazzas and under the trees. The merchants and clerks who have returned to the city find the porters and office-boys as alert and healthy as themselves; quite frequently the stay-at-homes seem fitter for work than the men who have been away to "brace up" for a new, long chase of the elusive dollar.

Aside from people who are "born tired," there will always be some men and women so overworked as to need long periods of rest, but the fact remains that humanity at large is in its best condition when it is kept busy about six days in seven. No machine can be kept in the best possible order except when it is working; at no other time can its defects be noted and the remedies applied as soon as they should be The soldier just returned from furlough is not the equal of the comrade whom he left in the field. The horse that has aired his heels in the pasture for a week is a drag to his mate who has been working eight or ten hours a day. It was not a joke, though printed as such, that an employer intended when he told a clerk, returning reluctantly from vacation, that a dash at work would make him as good as new in a week or two. The maker of the human machine created also some means of restoration—food, sleep, exercise and society—which are entirely effective when the machine itself is not worked beyond its normal capacity or otherwise abused, and to the credit of humanity it must be said that under the spur of necessity and in obedience to occasional warnings the stay-at-home, work-a-day people keep in condition so good that apparently they have nothing to learn from their more well-to-do and leisurely acquaintances

—JOHN HABBERTON.

Money cannot always command happiness, but happiness can command money

The Impersonal in Business Relations

THE bargaining instinct is at the bottom of all business, and this is but a primitive synonym for the instinct of self-preservation, that in the moral philosophies, no doubt, might be easily reduced still further to mere selfishness. That there is no sentiment in business is a truism whose very triteness prevents its full recognition. The beginner on life's journey makes no greater mistake than to presume upon an agreeable personality and refined manners apart from the accomplishment of the things to be done. Business is fact, and satisfactory results are dependent upon careful and conscientious regard for details and exact knowledge. Guessing, except possibly where it enters into the particular kind of business associated with Wall Street, is out of the question. Even there the guess is based upon the most careful analyses of conditions and experience.

The average employer values his helper in proportion to his manifestations of a sincere personal interest in the business—an interest made up both of ambition and a realizing sense that nothing is thoroughly learned without a distinct and clearly defined purpose. An evident desire to get on, if it is governed by a willingness to get on by doing, is a first-class investment in any business, and is recognized as good working capital. A mere passive willingness to do what comes along is not the way to make the best of time, however. Search out the things that might be done better or in addition to the obvious ones at hand. No business is so perfect in its details that there is no room for improvement. A fresh eye and mind are never to be despised if they are even normally awake to things about them, but it is only in seeing straight and thinking right that advancement lies.

There is in some quarters a tendency to underestimate business on its intellectual side

To the delvers in books it often seems to lack occasions for what they would call the employment of the "higher faculties" of the mind, to be without uplift for the imagination and the sustained value of abstruse study; but such a judgment is evidently based upon a lack of perception and recognition of the fact that concentration and sequence of thought are just as essential elements of business as of scholarship. They mistake the motive of business the desire for gain, for the thing itself. A frank recognition that success in any calling is first of all dependent upon the most strenuous and unremitting personal effort and a wide knowledge of self as well as other men is something that no preaching can teach; each one has to hunt out his own salvation.

Business is not governed by the graciousness and yieldings of polite society, but by purpose and accomplishment.

—JAMES B. CARRINGTON.

The man who waits for the office to seek him will always be lonesome.

Changes in Church Building

A FEW days ago Mr. Moody, in an interview in New York, solemnly declared that there was no reason why the churches should not have roof-gardens. He pointed to the waste of space in their architecture, and expressed his commendation of plans that would return the people more of comfort and attraction. He said that the theatres had been obliged to modify their architecture, and there was no reason why the churches should not do likewise.

In his logic he followed the argument of the first friends of good music in the churches, who asserted with much positiveness that the devil ought not to have all the taking tunes. He gave voice with considerable eloquence to a feeling that has been rather timidly manifested heretofore—that is, that the great church properties ought to return more actual benefit to the people; that they ought to include larger usefulness than the bare opportunities for worship.

Opposed to this plan are many who object to making the edifices utilitarian, holding that it will destroy reverence and bring the churches down to the level of places of entertainment. Thus we have the differences of opinion, and it will be interesting to watch in the coming developments whether they get closer together in a judicious compromise or supply us with churches of both kinds. Already, indeed, in some cities, church buildings have been brought closer to the social wishes of people; but at the same time, where there is great wealth, the plans for beautiful cathedrals and handsome structures find increasing favor. —WEBSTER WALLACE.

PAGE MISSING

PAGE MISSING

out into the moonlight, not seeming to notice her silence, and she waited by him with her small brown hands clenched, and her lips quivering, too proud to speak in a breaking voice, too anguished to control it. Suddenly she gave a little heart breaking cry.

He caught her in his arms. "What is hit? What's took you?" he begged. She clung to him, sobbing and shiv— "Jackson——" she whispered—"my little boy!—I want my little boy ag'in, to hold close in my arms."

He held her tight against him. "The Lord Hisse'f couldn't give yore little boy back ag'in," he told her gently. "The years has took him away."

"But they have brung me one that favors him mightily," she sobbed. "Oh, Carroll, lemme keep him in Jackson's place."

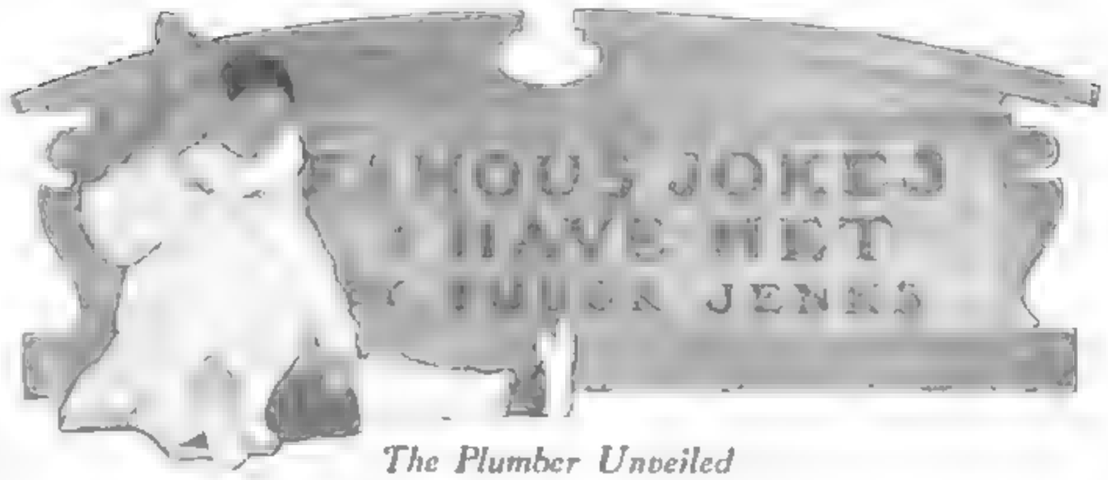
"You-uns don't know what yore a doin'," he said in a despairing voice. "You don't know who he is nor whar he comes from. You don't know what bad blood thar may be in him to come out in devilment. You'll live to cuss the hour you begged for him, but keep him if you wanter, an' don't never name Jackson's name to me ag'in."

■

She lifted her head as suddenly as she had buried it against him, and her eyes brightened through their tears.

"I know what blood hit's got," she said, "hit's Jackson's boy."

He sat down as if she had shot him. "What put that in yore head?" he panted.



The Plumber Unveiled

AT THE recent meeting of the committee for the selection of beneficiaries of the American Humorists' Pension Fund it was proposed by the New York member that the Harlem Goat was to the writer of humorous paragraphs all that the army mule was to the military man, and that this animal was entitled to a pension.

This narrow and parochial spirit was properly suppressed by a combination formed on the spot among the members from Chicago, Philadelphia on the Schuylkill, Boston, and other prominent suburban towns, which stampeded the committee by proposing three cheers for the Plumber.

Again I, as chairman, was unanimously instructed to convey the news of our decision to the pensionary.

"What's the trouble now?" was his inquiry as he knocked the ashes from his cigarette with a graceful gesture that displayed to perfection the dazzling spectrum that scintillated from his largest solitaire.

"Something out of order with the—the faucets, I believe."

A sneer wandered across his mobile features. "That all?" he inquired, yawning.

Delighted with the specimen I had so easily secured, I said there were a few other little things, but that, of course, they could wait if he was very busy.

"Oh, I ain't got nothing to fuss about," he said, "except it's dividend day, and I was cuttin' coupons down at the bank, and so I forgot all about yer—see?"

I told him he was quite in the right, and that I wondered he had taken the trouble to come at all. He lighted another cigarette—principally, I thought, to exhibit his match box, studded with emeralds and rubies—and I escorted him to the kitchen sink.

'Needsnewasher."

"Sir?" I inquired.

'Needsnewasher."

'I really don't quite catch your meaning," I said timidly. I have since ascertained that he was of the belief that the faucet needed a new washer.

'I'll go back to the shop and get my helpers and fetch my tools," was the decision communicated to me, and after a long *conversation* with the cook and waitress he seems to have considered that day's work as completed.

Aeons rolled away and were numbered with the things that were. Or so it seemed, but on the day that robins nest and plumbers come again I was told once more that the Plumber was "below."

"Heavens!" I exclaimed 'this is so sudden!"

"Please, sir," said the maid he told me to hand you this and she produced an elongated piece of paper.

"Aha!" I exclaimed. 'the mystery is dissipated—

"Mike signed the pledge since we were engaged!" the maid broke in angrily, "and——"

"You misunderstand me, Molly," I hastened to explain. "I was not referring to the gallant Plumber. Your pardon! But when have you met this worthy young man?"

Oh, I have met him while he was at work here, sir—ever so long!"

"My congratulations," I said. Now let us see the bill." I give a portion of the document:

To seven days on (illegible)	$ 60.76
To two helpers on same	34.25
To wear and tear (overalls, etc.)	19.99
Ditto (helpers)	8.97
Sawder (soft and hard)	3.50
Ditto (helpers)	2.25
Putty, chewing-gum, string, etc.	1.11
Ice cream, candy, theater tickets	19.97
Total	$149.63

So far all had gone well, I thought I had secured the humorists' typical Plumber, and expense was no object. But I went down to the kitchen to hand Michael the check, and one glance at the faucet dashed all my hopes.

The faucet no longer leaked! The impostor had overdone his part and had actually mended the leak!

"Away!" I exclaimed. "You are a clumsy fraud! No true plumber would have so disgraced his craft. Out of my house!

So ended the attempt to secure the pension by playing a part. And yet how wonderfully exact was the imitation!

"HIT'S MIGHTY BABY-FACED BUT HITS LOOKS SHOWS HIT'S A DOANE"

She tole me," his wife answered "an' her'n Jackson's comin' home to-morrer. No, you ain't got a word to say. You uns can forgive Jackson if I can forgive you uns for lyin' to me all these years.

She stooped so that her face was close to him, and her voice trembled again.

Carroll, hit's been jus' like we was livin' apart," she said. "You dassen't tell me what had gone with Jackson, for you knowed I'd have him back ag'in, if I knowed. Folks calls you-uns a hard man, Carroll, but you ain't got the heart to be hard to me, not when we face each other squar— You knowed you'd have to give in to me—that was why you lied; but, oh, Carroll, it was mighty hard on me for you to lie. I los' my son, an' I los' you uns by yore holdin' yoresel' so strange."

The old man drew her down into his arms. "You uns didn't know anythin' about lonesomeness, for you wa'n't mad at anybody."

He was silent a moment, and she could feel the struggle of his breath. He clutched her tighter, as if afraid that she would slip away again; but he was looking beyond her, raising his sad old face toward the sky.

'Mebbe I hadn't ought to give up," he said simply, to something which reached down to him from the illusive, impassable distances between the stars, "but we-uns that can hold a grudge knows lonesomeness."

Arriving at home after the meeting, I was for a time at a loss just how to proceed. I consulted my wife.

My dear," I said, "I have been deputed to find the typical Plumber."

Very good," she answered 'nothing could be easier to find. Send for any of them. They are all alike."

"Is there any part of the plumbing out of order?"

■

My wife laughed a bitter, housekeeper's laugh as she scornfully answered: "You may be sure of that. There are two leaking joints, several faucets that refuse to turn off, and the usual awful uncertainty about the water back."

It was enough, and as it was a case when we really wanted the Plumber, I telephoned, telegraphed, wrote, dispatched a messenger, sent the maid—a fairly attractive young woman, from a plumber's point of view—left a notice on his slate, and sat down to wonder if he would be kind enough to come.

All that took place last Friday. He came Saturday—Saturday week. This haste was in itself suspicious.

I descended with a resolve to meet him as if I were his equal, but in vain. I had to stand, and he received me sitting in a lordly manner upon the top of my washtubs.

What it Costs to Play Golf

By Julian Wilson

A SHORT time ago I was asked, by a young man who is earning about ten dollars a week as a clerk, if golf would ever become a game for the people who cannot afford to belong to the clubs. My reply was that in time, and to a limited extent, it would, though not to the extent that other games have grown popular. Unless the grounds are furnished and maintained by a municipality, a club is necessary to provide the funds required to establish and keep a golf course in order. When we consider that from ninety to one hundred and twenty acres of land can be fully utilized in laying out an eighteen-hole course, and that not less than ten acres will suffice for even a six-hole course, it is obvious that individuals in moderate circumstances must band together in a club or forego the pleasing exercise furnished by the sport. In the time to come we may have here, as in Scotland, perfectly kept and appointed courses where, upon the payment of a small fee, any one may play; but up to this time the great majority of the courses in America are accessible only to members of the clubs owning them. On a public course, where there would be a lack of personal responsibility such as is possessed by every member of a club, one difficulty would be to control any tendency on the part of players to infringe on the rights of others as prescribed by the rules and etiquette of the game; but this question would assuredly take care of itself.

■

The cost of a playing outfit is not so great as to terrify the average man in moderate circumstances, and any one who rides a bicycle will find that the bag and clubs will not come to anything like the amount a wheel costs. Wooden golf clubs cost from one dollar and a half each upward; irons sell at one dollar each upward, and a good bag can be had for two dollars. Assuming that four or five clubs are necessary for a start, the bag and clubs will leave enough out of a ten dollar bill to supply balls enough for a number of rounds. The best balls cost four dollars per dozen, but a very fair and serviceable make can be bought for a dollar less. When balls have been played with until dirt has dimmed their whiteness, and misplayed shots have spoiled their roundness, they can be remoulded and repainted at a cost of one dollar a dozen. These remoulded balls, or "made overs," as they are called, can be purchased in the first place for two dollars a dozen. If a player be forced to study economy, a caddy can be dispensed with, the usual tariff for this adjunct of the game being fifteen cents per hour.

Cheap clubs and cheap balls are not economical in the end. The strain upon shafts and wooden heads is very great, and it is better policy to buy good tools with which to start.

■

There is undoubtedly an inclination just now on the part of the general public to poke fun at golf and golfers, the costume and apparent easiness of the game leading the healthy, sturdy young American who has played baseball, football and other rough sports to think that it is a "dude" game, or only an imported fad for appetites jaded by other sports. This tendency is amply instanced by the remarks dropped by the curious spectators that are to be found upon every public road bounding a golf course, where the old jokes from the illustrated weeklies and others used by leading men in farce comedies pass current as just criticism.

When one of these sturdy, healthy scoffers is fortunate enough to get an opportunity to play the game, find the difficulties to be overcome, and the elation that follows when a two hundred yard shot leaves the face of the driver, there is a change of mind rapid and radical. To the eye of the real golfer there is no more gladsome sight than a former scoffer struggling with the intricacies of a driver that will persist in hitting the ground behind the ball or swinging inches above the point of aim.

I once saw an expert polo player dismount from his pony, after calling golf "a game for old maids," and, using his perfect eyes and his limber, supple muscles, trained to the second for a polo mallet, madly swipe three times at a golf ball without touching it.

Golf is not a "dude" game nor a game for old maids. It is a game for every one who can afford it. It tests the endurance, the eye, the mind and the muscles in an even, temperate way, as beneficial to the mind as helpful to the body.

The CLERK WHO SAVES

By William H. Maher

EVERY boy as he commences his life work, whether as an apprentice in a shop or as a clerk in a store, figures himself as being in comfortable circumstances at some future day, as the result of his own industry and skill.

In his brighter visions he may see himself the owner of the factory in which he is then working, for he has read many books in which the heroes began life under far less favorable circumstances than he, and became rich and influential manufacturers by rapid steps. Or he sees himself at the head of a business that is both large and profitable, gained by his own ability and good fortune. Ten or twenty years do not seem like a long period when waiting for the prizes, for life is before him, and, with the buoyancy and hopefulness of youth, he dwells upon the possible results, rather than upon the long and weary steps that bring him to them.

Every young man has an indefinite intention, in his plans of life, of some day commencing to save a part of his wages or salary, under the belief that it may be necessary to have a little capital of his own when the decisive day shall come, which will open the door to a higher position. But the vast majority of young men never find the right moment in which to begin, so they put off the duty of saving, hoping that the golden day is at hand when they shall be given an interest in the business, and saving on a small scale will not be necessary.

WHAT BEFALLS THE SPENDTHRIFT

By most men the rosy dreams of youth are never realized. The workmen must always far outnumber the employers, more than one hundred to one. The man who puts off the practice of economy, waiting for a time when it will be easier for him to deprive himself of certain pet luxuries, learns when it is too late that he has passed the point where he can demand of the present that it shall help provide for his future. Among all the acquaintances I have had in the past forty years, not one spendthrift among them has retired from business a successful man.

Possibly you may look upon that word "spendthrift" as one that cannot be applied to you. You may think it applies only to one who foolishly throws away a fortune. If you will turn to your dictionary you will read that he is a spendthrift who is improvident or wasteful. The word applies with equal force to the man earning ten dollars a week and to him who has thousands.

There are no miracles in a business career. The man who wins success has toiled early and late with all his powers of body and mind. He has been subservient to his ambition. He has pushed aside, because it was the first step toward success, every habit and desire that stood between him and his goal. No man was ever numbered among the successful ones unless he was waiting and prepared for Fortune when she knocked at his door. She has never yet been known to wait for any man or boy to prepare himself for her company. I know of no one habit that so thoroughly moulds the character of a young man as the habit of economy. It gives him strength of will. It teaches him to look beyond an action to its final result. It continually reminds him that the pure, sweet, innocent pleasures of life are almost to be had for the asking, and that Satan is not only a cruel but an expensive taskmaster.

SAVING AS A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

The reference books of Dun and Bradstreet contain detailed reports of the character, capacity and capital of every man doing business in the United States. Statistics show that only about five in every one hundred of these retire from business successful. These five will almost invariably be found to have been men who learned at the school of adversity in their youth how to govern their wants and themselves. The people of this country and generation, as a whole, are wofully improvident. The universal desire is not only to live as well as one's neighbor, but a little better, and to make a fine appearance to-day seems of vastly more importance than to lay up something for a cloudy to-morrow. This very trait in the great majority opens the door to the few who are willing to drill themselves in the school of common sense. The young man who will set his stakes early as to what he shall save out of his wages, and who lives up to this through all temptation, is opening the gulf between him and his fellows, and planning a race that will lead to success. As the years pass us by with their cruel object-lessons of improvidence, one wonders more and more that any man can gain his own consent to spend every dollar of his salary and trust to luck when misfortunes shall overtake him. Of course the saving clause in his mind is that he is *sure* he is safe from the rule that governs all other men, and there is not only no need of his providing for the future, but the day cannot be far distant when something is going to happen to fill his pockets with gold and keep them filled forever after.

If we look at the earnings realized from safe investments to-day we see that a man with a salary of $1000 is equal in earning capacity to him who has $25,000 invested in four per cent. bonds. If the bond owner were told that interest would be paid him only while he was in health, and that when he became permanently disabled it would cease altogether, what would be thought of him if he used up the last dollar of his income each year, making no provision for a future with its certainty of discontinuance? Yet this is just what thousands upon thousands of salaried men are doing every year.

SOME MEN WHO COULD NOT SAVE

I asked a friend who is at the head of a snug and profitable business why he had let an old clerk go to another house. "I want men with ambition around me," he said. "Tom was a bright fellow when he came to me, and about six years ago I told him that when he had saved $1000 from his salary I would give him an interest in the business. I paid him $900 a year, and he could easily have saved $300 of that, for he was single and lived at home. But instead of saving anything, his account was generally overdrawn. I do not think he had immoral habits, but he was extravagant in his clothes and in his pleasures, mixing with society that was too expensive for him."

Very few merchants hold out such a reward to their clerks if they will become saving, but there are no employers who do not look with greater favor upon the men in their force who are known to be saving and thrifty. There is an old truism that says: "It is not what one makes, but what one saves, that leads to riches." Everybody agrees with this, and considers that it applies to all the world but himself. I have known men who had an income of $5000 a year for twenty years or more, yet who depended upon the charity of their friends when disability finally overtook them, while many another man on a salary of fifty dollars a month has paid for his modest home, given his children a good education, and put by a little cash for his old age.

Every business man stops on January 1 of each year and takes a careful inventory of his affairs. His books show him the expenses of the year, and it is rare indeed where a study of these does not surprise him by showing into what a large sum little items will grow. If every clerk would also scrutinize his expenditures as carefully for the year that is past, he would be dull indeed if he did not gain some new light, and rise from the task with stronger resolutions for the future.

CUTTING DOWN UNNECESSARY EXPENSES

I knew one clerk who, at the age of twenty (having then been at work eight years), was receiving a salary of $900 and saving nothing out of it. He had an honest horror of debt, and intended that his account in the ledger should always show a small balance in his favor, but beyond this his idea of a salary was that it was just so much money that was his to spend each year. At the end of his twentieth year something led him to ask himself the question: "What have you done with your salary this year?" He could make no answer. He thought upon the subject for several days, and finally took pencil and paper, determined to work out a reply. He had for the first time in his life become thoroughly interested in the matter of his expenses. He figured out that his board had cost about so much; clothes during the year about so much; he had sent his mother so much; his summer vacation had cost so much; and the total of these was about $600. Could it be possible that he had spent $300 for amusements and trifles?

He kept thinking over this and finally said to himself: "Situated as I am I ought to live on $500, and I'm going to do it next year. My salary will be $1000, and I ought to save half of it; I will try it, anyway."

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF A FORTUNE

He opened an account in a savings bank with a deposit of ten dollars, determining to deposit a like amount each week of the year. He knew that if it was necessary he could draw out a little to help him over an emergency, but he was determined not to do this if it could possibly be avoided. He was surprised to see how much pleasure he had in watching his account grow; but far beyond this was the satisfaction in knowing that he was at last making definite preparations for the future. At the end of the year he had $500 in the bank. He had been to the theatre but seldom; he had not been to any dances, but, looking back, it seemed to him to have been the pleasantest year of his life. He had made good use of the city library, and had extended his acquaintance into the homes of many pleasant people. His salary was increased, and his bank account had the benefit of it. In a few years there was a chance for him to get an interest in a good business if he could get some help, and the men who indorsed for him were influenced by the sight of his bank book, with the story it told of years of economy and good habits.

THRIFT WITHOUT MISERLINESS

When one mentions the matter of saving before those who look upon money as something to be spent with as little delay as possible, the old saying is at once thrown back: "Better be a spendthrift than a miser." As if there were no stopping-place between the two extremes! It is hardly necessary to say that a man may be saving, economical, thrifty and prudent, and still never verge toward miserliness. All the influences about him are urging him to spend his income for present pleasures, and he must develop a strong will in order to turn away from the alluring charms of the tempter. And one who has reached this stage will not succumb to the temptation to be miserly. No one needs to turn to the sayings of "Poor Richard" for arguments in favor of thrift. Every block in every city has its own story of disappointments and sufferings from the folly of the improvident. And every village and every city has also its examples of the wisdom of those who thought for the future.

If any young man will go carefully over his personal expenses for the present year, separating those which were necessary from those which were not, let him then ask himself if these latter were worth what they cost him. If, in looking back at them, he decides that they were a poor investment, for they were not only capital but what would be the interest on a goodly sum in ten or twenty years, he should then mark out a new course for himself. Such a resolution will act upon his character, and if he adheres to it faithfully he will be a more valuable clerk, will stand a greater chance for promotion, and will be better fitted to do business.

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Search-Light Letters *

READERS of Mr. Robert Grant know well his genial philosophy, his urbane and friendly criticisms of life. He has written words about football and Christian science and other burning topics of the day that linger pleasantly in many minds, and now, in a series of Search-Light Letters, he addresses himself once more to ambitious young men, to restless women, to idealists, to political economists, and to any other of his fellow-creatures whom he deems in especial need of counsel.

Lamp-Light or Day-Light or Candle-Light Letters would be a less misleading title for these shrewd and sensible observations. Search-Light suggests some pitiless exposure of the human comedy, some ruthless and penetrating revelation of truths which we are always striving to keep decently covered over. But nothing could be further from Mr. Grant's intentions than such a fierce betrayal. He has given his book a name which Balzac might have envied; but it is in the kindest and gentlest fashion that he throws his sparkling rays upon a few of the follies, mistakes and aspirations which are most apparent in modern life. He knows, for example, what happens when a woman desires to be a useful and refining "influence." He knows all about "Kindergarten Associations," and "societies for the promotion of the moral and hygienic welfare of prisoners," and similar snares which are set for her unwary feet. He knows, too, the part played by newspapers and reporters in thrusting upon her a publicity of which she is equally proud and ashamed, and his advice is as sound as any that ever fell unheeded upon feminine ears. It takes more than philosophy to control a sex which has seldom listened to philosophers.

Mr. Grant's point of view is essentially a cheerful one. He confesses himself an unblushing optimist. He has even a charitable word for aldermen, dividing them in a light-hearted way into low comedians and leading villains, and seeming to think their earthly mission is to raise a laugh. He believes that as a nation we are growing well-mannered. Two things only provoke his acrimony —the tendency of rich people to have a good time with their money, and the determination of thrifty people to escape the exactions of the Custom-House. The behavior of women on the docks is especially painful to him. Their easy disregard of law, their absolute inaccessibility to argument, their careful adherence to practical issues puzzle the philosophic mind —not for the first time in the centuries. —*Agnes Repplier.*

Scientific Mysteries in Fiction †

A STRANGE and distressing story is Doctor Berkeley's Discovery, by Richard Slee, M. D., and Cornelia Atwood Pratt. It has much of the high color that finds a congenial home in those sensational newspapers we denominate as "yellow," and it is written with a lack of literary skill which should commend the authors to the editors who make the newspapers alluded to. The "scientific" part of the tale is presumably done by the medical member of the partnership, Doctor Slee; it reads very like a paper prepared for a medical journal, and is not, therefore, very lively.

Doctor Berkeley's discovery is a liquid which will "develop" certain memory cells of the human brain as a photographer's chemicals "develop" a sensitized plate. Upon each tiny cell appears a picture visible by the microscope. By "developing" the memory centre of a brain Doctor Berkeley can trace the most secret history of the being who owned the brain—can see the things the beings saw, in sequence, from infancy to death. To do this Doctor Berkeley had to locate the memory cells. He found them, he tells us, after a deal of experimenting, "in the spider or spindle-shaped cells of the claustral formation constituting the fifth layer of the gray matter of the cerebral cortex." After this important discovery, so lucidly explained, Doctor Berkeley went on from one thing to another, meantime working himself almost to death, until he knew all about it and could do the trick every time. While this devoted scientific experimenter was delving in his laboratory and practicing vivisection on apes, his tragic life story was moving on until it was concentrated in his laboratory and revealed to him beneath his microscope.

The story is this. The Doctor married a beautiful French girl in Paris, and brought her to New York, where he rather neglected her on account of his absorption in his experiments. When he realized this he gave her a vacation in Paris while he went on with his researches, which succeeded about the time his young wife was to get back. The wife returned with a young Frenchman who had become enamored of her. His advances being repulsed, he kills her with a dagger. Her brain is given to Doctor Berkeley to experiment on. Though he had not the faintest notion that the brain was that of his wife, for he did not know she was dead, he read with his microscope the whole story, and, telling it on the witness-stand, secured the conviction of the murderer, against whom there was no other evidence of importance. Then he died, leaving no record of his discovery. And so the curtain is rung down to slow music.

Since Robert Louis Stevenson's Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde there have been a great many efforts in stories to deal with the mysterious inner nature of man. This is a frank effort in such a direction. But there is a vast difference between it and Stevenson's thrilling tale. Stevenson was an artist—a literary artist of superb skill. If there is literary art in Doctor Berkeley's Discovery it must be so fine or so elusive that it escapes detection. There used to be an idea that the best art was that which concealed itself. So there may be art here; or, perhaps, in handing it back and forth from Doctor Slee to Miss Pratt it got lost. —*John Gilmer Speed.*

* Search-Light Letters. By Robert Grant. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

† Doctor Berkeley's Discovery. By Richard Slee, M. D., and Cornelia A. Pratt. *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

THE OLD-FASHIONED NOVEL

By Carolyn Wells

HOW dear to my heart are the books of my boyhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view;
How I pored over Scott, how I used to enjoy Hood,
And how I loved Dickens and Thackeray, too.
The worn-out old Shakespeare, the Wide, Wide World by it,
The volume of Cooper I bought for myself;
The Robinson Crusoe, the Swiss Family nigh it,
And e'en the old novel that lay on the shelf.
The old-fashioned novel,
The yellow-backed novel,
The paper-bound novel
That lay on the shelf.

That old-fashioned novel I hailed as a treasure,
And often at night when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure;
A tale of great interest 'twas certain to yield.
A book with a story! how greatly I'd prize it
Could I but obtain one 'mong books of to-day,
But wiseacre critics affect to despise it—
They say it is trivial, crude and *passée*.
The old-fashioned novel,
The yellow-backed novel,
The paper-bound novel
Is sneered at to-day.

And so we must wade through a deep speculation
On endless abstractions of ethical themes;
Or flounder about in a concatenation
Of hypnotic visions and psychical dreams.
Or else we are lost in some dialect mazes,
Or gory adventures on moorland and fen;
And nowhere we find to receive our fond praises
A sound, wholesome story of women and men.
The old-fashioned novel,
The yellow-backed novel,
The paper-bound novel
We'll ne'er see again.

NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

Where Bronson Howard Rests.—Bronson Howard, the playwright, seldom misses a summer in Maine, where he is the guest of Judge Vose, of Bangor. This summer he spent several days in Bangor, and the rest of his outing with the Judge on his country place at Islesworth, down picturesque Penobscot Bay. It would require a regiment of men to drag Mr. Howard from the quiet of this island resort to gay Bar Harbor. "I have all the gay society I want in the winter," he says, "and I find the cities sufficiently tiring during my working months. In the summer I go to Maine to rest."

Artists Who Write.—The success of Howard Pyle as a novelist is little less pronounced than his success as an illustrator. It is becoming quite the vogue for artists to turn writers. First, in late years, was Du Maurier, then came Frederic Remington, Robert Chambers, Howard Pyle, Palmer Cox, Villiers, the English war artist; Oliver Herford, Ernest Seton Thompson, John La Farge, and even Charles Dana Gibson, whose recent sketches in Egypt are still the talk of those who are devoted to the "Gibson girl."

Palmer Cox's Studio.—For many years Palmer Cox, the artist-poet and originator of the Brownies, has had his studio in an upper loft of an office building in Broadway, New York, in what was once the centre of the book publishers' region. The book business is now rapidly moving uptown, and one large firm will shortly move far above Madison Square, in what was farm land when the elder Scribner and the original Harpers were laying the foundations of their fortunes. Mr. Cox's studio bore a close resemblance, externally, to the offices of the commercial men who shared his building. There was one marked difference, however, between his room and theirs. They were usually in their offices; he was seldom in his. The artist spends a large part of his time out-of-town or in his pleasant home, and the visitor who hopes to find him in his office must first make an appointment.

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A REST *for the* CARIBOU

By Dan L. Cummings Game Warden Aroostook County Me.

THERE will be no caribou hunting in Maine this year, nor for five more years. The Legislature at its session last spring decided to make it a close season for caribou for six years. The sportsmen from New England, New York and the West, who come to the vast forests of Northern and Eastern Maine this year in search of the moose and caribou, will have to content themselves with other kinds of game and with deer, but no true sportsman—no one who hunts for the sake of the chase—will object to this temporary deprivation.

There are several reasons for this Legislative measure. In the first place, the number of caribou in this State has been diminishing of late years. The record since 1893 of game shipped over the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, which is a fair indication of the number killed, is as follows:

In 1894 there were 50 caribou shipped; in 1895, 130; in 1896, 130, and in 1897 only 78.

D L Cummings

Probably not more than half the caribou killed are shipped by rail out of this State, the rest being used for food by the trappers, woodsmen, lumbermen, guides and local hunters. Therefore these figures may be safely doubled even without including those caribou that have been illegally killed, which number is decreasing each year.

In the second place, the results that followed the close season imposed upon moose hunting a few years ago were so admirable that the State Legislators, guided by the Game Commissioners, felt justified in temporarily putting a stop to the killing of caribou.

In the third place, this cessation gives opportunity to test the question as to whether it is the man with the gun or the man with the hoe who is chiefly responsible for the decrease in the number of caribou.

It is the judgment of many men, who have made the big game which abound in Aroostook County their life study, that caribou will not remain in large numbers where deer are. They say that there is not food enough for both; that each feeds during the winter chiefly upon the spruce silk that hangs from the dead branches of the evergreens, and that there is not enough of this for both species of animals. In corroboration of this I was told last spring by a leading taxidermist, that most of the caribou sent to him to mount last winter were ill fed. This would go to prove that starvation and not hunters is driving the caribou from their favorite feeding places along the Allaguash and on the timber crests that skirt the banks of Square, Eagle and Cross Lakes.

The number of moose is increasing yearly. The railroad statistics prove this. In 1894 45 bull moose were shipped; in 1895, 112; in 1896, 133, and in 1897, 139. The moose does not fear man nor deer as the shy caribou does. This fall, near the city of Caribou, a moose was found in a farmer's yard, not only one night but on two successive nights, and had to be driven away. It was feeding on his crops. Deer do this, but caribou never do. I have seen scores upon scores of moose tracks near my camp on the banks of Big and Little Goddard streams this fall. In the runs leading down to Square Lake I have come across their tracks from a half to an hour old, but I have seen few tracks of the caribou this year. Deer trails are too numerous to count. They lead in every direction from the forest to the water's edge. There never was a season in my recollection—and I have lived in this county since I was a boy—when deer were more plentiful than now. Twenty years ago deer were comparatively scarce in Northern Maine. They abounded in the southern and western parts of the State. They were found in great herds around Bangor and Moosehead, but since that time they have worked their way farther north into the forests. They are now to be found all the way from the Katahdin Iron Works to Fort Kent. Every forest has its share and every lake and stream is a feeding place. But when the deer were scarce in the great woods of Aroostook, the caribou abounded. As the deer came north the caribou fled before their march.

It is my impression that it is the deer and civilization, not hunters, that have caused this exodus. Neither do I believe that it is a lack of food altogether that has brought this to pass. The moss and spruce silk are as plentiful this year as ever, and in the woods back of my camp I have seen hundreds of trees whose yield has not even been touched. I think that the caribou have gone north into the wilds of the Provinces, to escape civilization and the deer. As to whether these six years of close season will bring them back I cannot answer.

A similar measure, strictly enforced, has increased the number of moose. The present game laws, as they are carried out, has quadrupled the stock of deer. No one can answer for its effect upon the caribou. Of this, however, I am certain: there is game enough in Maine for every one, even without the caribou. There is game enough and to spare, and the number grows larger in spite of the increased number of sportsmen who come into the State each fall.

If the close season does bring back the caribou no one will be more pleased than myself, but, even if it does not, the sportsman who comes to Maine in search of big game will have no cause to complain. With moose and deer in every forest, with woodcocks, partridges, bass, lakers and brook trout, Maine will continue to be the sportsman's paradise as long as any of us are alive to fish and to shoot.

A Terrible Yankee

GENERAL H. M. JOHNSON, a New Orleans millionaire, has a picturesque cabin in Dan Cummings' camp. He was out trout fishing with his guide one day last August. To pass away the time the General entertained him with stories of the Civil War and of his experiences in the Confederate Army.

Johnson had just reached the middle of a most thrilling anecdote when a bull moose made his appearance on the side of the brook in which the General and his guide were fishing. The guide paddled softly up to the beast, who had not scented the intruders. The General held his breath, turned white, and drew himself back. Just then the moose threw up his noble head, spread his huge antlers and leaped into the woods.

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed the General, after his astonishment had subsided somewhat; "say, that's the worst Yankee I ever saw. If you'd sent that sort of a thing into the South you wouldn't have been so long whipping us."

But it was not the first time that a brave man was frightened by the sudden appearance of one of those animals.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST'S College Man's Number

(DOUBLE NUMBER)

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The Spirit of the North

The Spirit of the North is a Columbia story of fascinating interest. It chronicles the adventures of an ill-assorted trio of naturalists (a young man, a young woman, and a cantankerous old lady) who penetrate the unexplored wilderness of British America on the trail of living dingues and mammoths. They meet with a series of strange adventures, and encounter that hostile Spirit of the North which ever resents the endeavors of men to fathom her secrets. Of all Mr. Chambers' stories based on semiscientific themes, this is easily the strongest and most absorbingly interesting.

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

The Great College-Circus Fight

The author of Princeton Stories and The Stolen Story here tells the tale of a famous hand-to-hand encounter between Princeton students and the cowboys of a passing Wild-West Show, and records the exploits of the Captain of the Eleven who stayed out of the fight, but was in at the finish.

By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

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By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

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By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

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By CHARLES MACOMB FLANDRAU

Rudyard Kipling

Mr. Kipling has just written for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a short story of exceptional strength and interest. This tale returns to familiar scenes in India, and permits the reader to resume acquaintance with two of the famous old Soldiers Three. This story will appear exclusively in one of the late autumn numbers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

YOUNG BLOOD

Harry Hawes—St. Louis' Chief of Police

By HOMER BASSFORD

TRAVELING is an education—by the same token, a science. Suppose an open-minded person to walk out of the big Union Station in St. Louis. Let him turn down Market Street, visit the big bridge, gaze at the shop windows on Washington and Olive Streets, until, stimulated by the activity or smitten by curiosity, he arrests the first chance comer with the query:

"Who is the most important young man in town?"

He might ask this question on any corner, from Baden to Carondelet, and the answer would be: "Why, Harry Hawes, of course."

Everybody calls him Harry, for his twenty-nine years and his smooth, boyish face seem to fit the name. Mr. Hawes began to look out for himself at the age of seventeen. With a mother and younger brother whom he had to support, he moved over from Kentucky and began to get hard knocks in St. Louis. When he got to town he began to look about for a place. There was nothing in sight, so he looked in the want columns of a newspaper. There he found a suggestion. Somebody in East St. Louis wanted a boy. Young Hawes crossed the bridge, applied for the place and got it. He became a railroad clerk at twenty-five dollars a month.

The other day, when he had just completed the successful reorganization of the police force of St. Louis, I asked him if he did not feel that he was in the midst of a dream, from which he might awake.

"Well," he said with a drawl that is peculiar to him, "you can call it a dream if you like, but it seems to me that the reorganization of a metropolitan police force on a civil service basis, and adding five hundred new men into the bargain, is more like a nightmare."

Mr. Hawes did not long remain in the East St. Louis railroad office. One day he went to a bank on the west side of the river to meet a small note. The teller told him that the cashier wanted to see him.

"I wonder why?" the young man thought, half alarmed. He wondered if he had unconsciously broken one of the bank's rules. The cashier received him pleasantly.

"Do you belong to the Hawes family of Kentucky?" he asked.

"I'm part of it," was the answer.

"You must be some kin to the man for whom Hawesville was named."

"Yes. Samuel Hawes was my great-grandfather," the young man answered.

"Have you a good job?" the banker asked.

The not-too-happy truth followed.

"Well," the banker went on, "I think that you ought to go into the banking business. Come over here and we will see what can be done for you."

It was not long after that young Mr. Hawes was behind the rail in a city bank. A year later he was note teller at a salary that made life much easier. By the end of another year the young Kentuckian felt that prospects were better in the law. He went up to Washington University and stated his case, but it was soon made clear to him that he could not study for the profession and keep his position in the bank. Then he determined upon a stroke that should produce results. Remembering the fact that John G. Carlisle had represented the famous Ashland district in Kentucky, he went to Washington. Mr. Carlisle was then Secretary of the Treasury. Long years before, Richard Hawes, his paternal grandfather, the partner of Henry Clay, had represented the same district. Surely Secretary Carlisle would feel a friendly interest. Young Mr. Hawes explained his ambition: If he could get a place in the Government service where the daily work would permit him to attend the law school he believed that the problem would be solved. Mr. Carlisle took in the situation and found him a place. It was not so profitable as banking, but it made a bare living for the ambitious youth and permitted him to take up study.

PHOTO BY STRAUSS, ST. LOUIS

HARRY HAWES

THE REAL BEGINNING OF MR. HAWES' CAREER

When Mr. Hawes was a full-fledged lawyer he found himself practically adrift; he was without money and without clients. At this time he learned that Mr. L. A. Thurston, of Hawaii, who was in the United States for the purpose of urging annexation, was in need of some assistance. He had met Mr. Thurston at a trans-Mississippi congress in Utah. Mr. Thurston remembered the young lawyer and was only too glad to secure his services. So the young Kentuckian found himself attached to the State Department of the Republic of Hawaii. He went into the South, where he was well known through family connections, and there he delivered many speeches urging the Hawaiian Government's side of the annexation question. He made friends for the movement and incidentally many admirers for himself.

The city of St. Louis has long been inadequately policed. It remained for the Board of Commissioners, of which this twenty-nine-year-old man is the head, to reorganize the force and add five hundred men to it. These five hundred men, together with the force already provided, represent an annual expenditure of $1,500,000. Mr. Hawes proceeded with his work quietly. He conducted the reorganization in a way that proved his control of men, of details, of great ideas. With all of the labors that such a work meant, he managed to retain and build up his practice of the law. One of his ways of doing this is best illustrated by presenting the sense of a huge sign that stares forth at the entrance to the Hawes offices in the great Lincoln Trust Building, one of the tremendous steel structures of the new West. The sign reads something like this:

> Persons having business connected with the Police Department cannot be accommodated here. Apply at the offices of the Board.

Thus it is possible for young Mr. Hawes to conduct his private affairs at given hours. He has regulations controlling his appearances at the Board meetings, and the work he does for the public is accomplished in a way that does not interfere with his practice of the law.

Students in heredity consider Mr. Hawes' genealogy. His great great-grandfather, Samuel Hawes, was a soldier of the Revolution. Receiving grants from the Government, he moved to Kentucky, where the Western branch of the family was established at Hawesville. A great-grandfather, Smith Hawes, was in Thomas Jefferson's Cabinet and in that of Madison.

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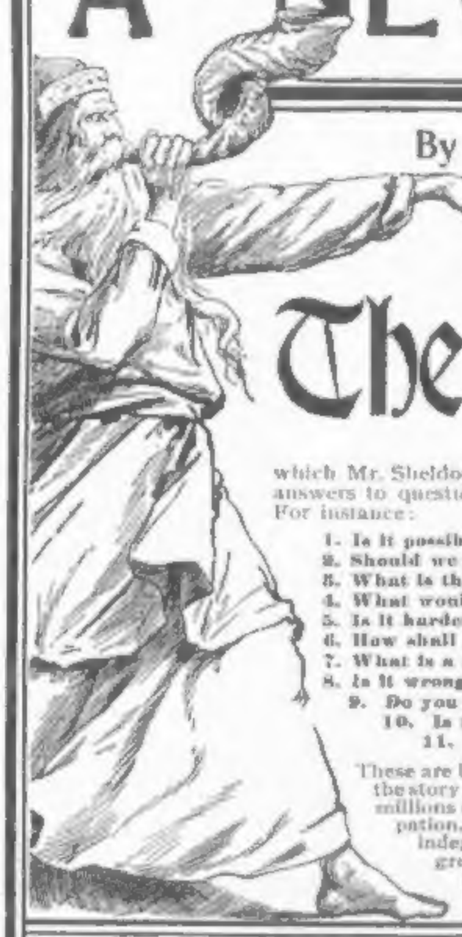

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Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "MIRACLE AT MARKHAM," "MALCOM KIRK," ETC.

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5. Is it harder to do right than wrong?
6. How shall I spend Sunday?
7. What is a short rule for business success?
8. Is it wrong (a) to dance, (b) to play cards, (c) to attend the theatre?
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11. Why is it that more women than men join the church?

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POLITICAL FABLES

No. 4—THE NON-PARTISAN. By AUSTIN BIERBOWER

A DOG, running about in an irregular way, was asked where he was going. "I am not going anywhere," replied the dog, "but only running about to learn where to go."

JUDGE SETH ON TRIFLES

By CHESTER PEAKE

"The smaller the trouble, the bigger the bother."—From The Sayings of Seth.

NOBODY has any sympathy for a man with a boil, any more than he has for a man with the toothache," said the Judge. "It is too small to notice, and yet it is big enough when it concerns you personally. There was Sam Tome, one of the bravest fellows who ever lived. He had a boil on his right leg. He took it with him into the battle of Chancellorsville. In the fight a shot came along and took off his left leg as clean as a whistle. Sam stood it all right, and the only thing he said was: 'I don't mind a little thing like that, but I think they might have been decent enough to have taken that other leg.'

"Of course, he was thinking of the boil, just as any other man would. You have to think of a boil when you have one. That's the way all through life—the smaller the trouble, the bigger the bother. Boils and toothache, pins and collar buttons, tacks and flies, mosquitoes and babies all prove what I mean.

"But one of the biggest small things in this world is the flea—just the common, ordinary American flea that inhabits dogs and afflicts humanity. When I was a young man we had a flea epidemic at Piney Grove. It was a small place, but we had a right nice church, to which we invited a young preacher from one of the theological schools. He was a fine young man, but the fleas seemed to make that church headquarters, and he certainly had an awful time of it. He was rather given to gestures, and sometimes when he was raising his hand as if to grab a few clouds, one of those mean, contemptible fleas would get in its work and his hand would come back for strictly business reasons.

"It got so bad that the deacons met and decided that they would take heroic measures to kill all the fleas.

"Brother Bronson was certain that after he got through there would be nothing for the others to do. He had a new fandangled kind of insect powder, and during the week he went into the church and put it everywhere. Well, of course we didn't know, but we were under the impression that Brother Bronson got hold of the wrong article and that he distributed a new kind of flea food, for next Sunday the fleas were worse than ever and we nearly choked to death on the powder. We never liked Brother Bronson after that.

"It was so bad that Brother Johnson decided to say nothing, but to quietly put his plan in operation. He had read in one of the scientific journals that if you walk around the floor in the dark with something light upon you the fleas would jump toward you. So he wrapped his legs and a large part of his body in fly paper, and unbeknownst to the community crept into the church late at night and walked up and down, up and down, for the fleas to jump on the sticky stuff and get caught fast. Now, Brother Johnson's intentions were all right, but when he got home late at night, covered with confusion and insects, he certainly regretted his attempt to be a reformer. Mrs. Johnson never had the same confidence in him after that night, and somehow the rest of us shared her distrust. Well, the upshot of it was that next Sunday the fleas were worse than ever.

"Of course by this time there were hard feelings in the village, and Brother Baker, as a Christian man, believed it his duty to end the whole trouble. He had a great remedy—kerosene. And so he quietly slipped into the church the next week and at his own expense filled that sacred place with coal oil. The following Sunday the fleas were about ten times worse, and the smell of kerosene was something awful.

"Three failures, and more fleas all the time. I think Brother Roberts prayed over the matter, and the most of us thought he certainly did more to kill the fleas than anybody else. His plan was to smother 'em. So he built fires in the church and had pans of green leaves to make plenty of smoke. It would have been all right for the smothering process if it had not struck a combination with the kerosene process of Brother Baker. But it was too late to regret anything after the church and the rest of Piney Grove were burned down.

"Of course it was a hard blow, but after the fire was over there was a meeting and everybody tried to be as cheerful as possible, and Brother Baker got up to read a long list of resolutions. 'First,' said he, 'we must recognize in this catastrophe one great blessing—we have got rid of the fleas,' but almost as soon as he said this he turned pale, and the crowd sympathized with him when his hand went toward the middle of his back. Then putting the resolutions in his pocket he said, with hopeless despair, 'Brethren, I think we had better adjourn.'

"And that is the worst thing," continued the Judge; "you can't get rid of these little bothers. All you can do is to stand 'em, for the more you try to fight 'em the more they grow."

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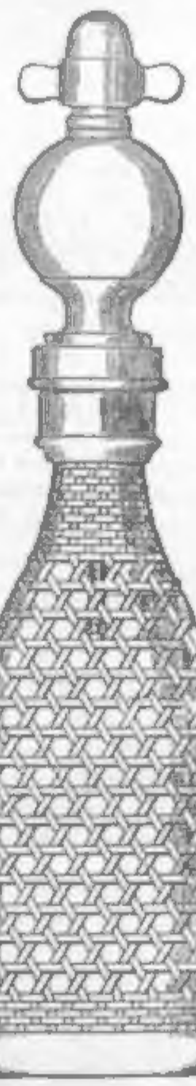

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